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incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

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June 1960

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AMERICAN WINDS OF CHANGE

IN the Southern states of the U.S.A., as in South Africa, Negroes are on the march. Humiliations and injustices that have been endured and suffered for a century since the official end of slavery are now being challenged. As a result of recent court decrees the South is undergoing its greatest period of internal transition since the Civil War. The present outbreaks of U.S. racial conflict can best be understood and interpreted as the most recent phase of turmoil between a dominant group determined to maintain a social structure based on caste in which the white man held the reins of power, and a minority group which has gradually become more educated, articulate in its trained leadership, and increasingly enjoying economic and political power. The struggle for equality on the part of one-tenth of the nation has been a continuing one since Emancipation in the 1860's, and the pace of progress has accelerated considerably since the end of the 1939-1945 war. For decades the Negro in the South was relegated to the lowest rung of the social status-ladder. As long as he was willing to accept a role as servant, inferior to the white man, conflict was relatively minor. The white man's techniques of dominance were so powerfully entrenched that the Negro had little choice but to accept the dictates of the caste-system. While it would be unrealistic to pretend that the wall of caste has been blown down, cracks and dents have recently been made in what was once an impregnable social fortress.

World War II played a large part in the Negro's progress. Servicemen who had fought overseas for the values of democratic living were understandably unwilling on their return home to accept a social system that was patently undemocratic. The Roosevelt administration had espoused the Negro cause as it had helped the cause of labour and the socially oppressed generally. Various decisions of the federal, as distinct from the state, courts have granted more and more basic rights to Negroes since 1945 and culminated in the historic Supreme Court ruling of 1954 which declared separate schools for the races unconstitutional. The white South at once saw the implications of this new decree as destructive of its traditional way of life, a way of life which had previously maintained that education for the Negro was unnecessary and would lead to disturbing changes in the caste-structure. To bring the races together in the formative years of childhood and to give educational benefits to the Negro would mean the end of the white man's privileged position *vis-à-vis* his black countryman, and opposition to the court's ruling has been violent and intense, ranging

from devious evasive state litigation to open violence in Little Rock and elsewhere. But Southerners know that they will eventually have to give way. Since 1954, 350,000 Negro children have been integrated into formerly "all-white" schools, and in colleges and universities there are in the entire country over 100,000 Negro students preparing for careers in industry and professions to which their parents would have had small access.

The educated Negro of the mid-century is a very different man from his forebears. He has lost the subservient manner of a slave heritage. Brought up in a culture founded on ideals of democratic liberty and equality, he is patently unwilling to allow these rights to be permanently denied him by those of a different race who frequently possess less formal education than he has acquired, often at great cost and sacrifice. Negro university students are the product of a post-war generation that will no longer tolerate the injustices meted out to their parents and grandparents. On any objective view of the Southern situation, it is remarkable that the American Negro has shown as much patience and restraint for so long. The current attitudes of aggressive determination to secure the liberties formally guaranteed by the Constitution are justified in view of the fierce white opposition to anything that would raise the Negro's status and dignity as a human being. For the Negro it is "now or never" and the white South realizes this fact. Hence the frantic efforts at a last-ditch stand for segregation on the part of the more vociferous and morally illiterate white elements. The attitudes of the white South vary from state to state and even from town to town. They range from an irrational hatred of the Negro in some poverty-stricken rural areas to a calm and intelligent attempt to meet an inevitable social change with wisdom and goodwill. Between these two extremes is a psychological mixture of ingrained prejudice, fear, guilt, ignorance, defensiveness, and at times an almost pathological unwillingness to face the realities of the post-war world. Many Southerners are in an ugly racist mood, and are prepared to use violence to intimidate the Negro's progress. Underlying their attitudes are the ego-compulsions of the ignorant and the insecure, combined with the conscious motive of economic profit seeking to keep a servant class from advancing.

The role of the Churches is difficult to estimate, and generalizations must be qualified according to the region of the country. Nearly all the Protestant denominations in America show wide intellectual and social variations between their Churches in North and South. The South contains a higher proportion of clergymen who tend to be more conservative in their social and theological outlook (and frequently lesser-educated) than their colleagues of the same denomination in the North. Almost all the major Protestant groups, even in the South, have passed formal resolutions condemning racial discrimination as contrary to Christian ideals, but relatively little has been done to implement the resolutions in actual practice. Some younger preachers in the South have lost their pulpits for speaking out on the race question. The prophetic voice is found mainly in the North, where it is much easier to be prophetic regarding racial justice. But the South does contain many people who are struggling with their

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consciences over the disparity between Christian social ideals and the dictates of their traditional way of life.

The situation in many respects has worked to the benefit of Catholicism, in that the Roman church makes no distinction of race in its membership and its colourful liturgy appeals to Negroes. (As early as 1944, a group of Catholics in Louisiana who established their own private school to keep their children from mingling with Negroes in the Catholic parochial school were threatened with excommunication by their Archbishop and the private school plan was quickly abandoned.) It is perhaps significant that even the fundamentalist Billy Graham has recently denounced racial injustice and refuses to address any segregated gathering. There are hopeful signs that the Negro's victory for equality will ultimately be won, and much sooner than many Southerners realize. Economic reasons will play a potent role. The purchasing power of one-tenth of a nation cannot be minimized, and Negro boycott of white shops is having its effect on many Southern communities. The South is rapidly becoming industrialized, but mainly by means of Northern capital, and the Northern businessman is unwilling to bring capital and factories to a region where he cannot be assured of harmony in his labour force. (Arkansas suffered a sharp decline in outside investment following the 1957 Little Rock disturbances.) In time economic pressure will work to the Negro's advantage. The Governor of Florida has recently stated that white restaurants should either serve Negroes or close their doors.

It is reasonable to expect that moderate and rational elements in the South will make their voices heard. In the meantime there will be obstruction and strife, but the white extremists are fighting a losing battle and they know it. In the North the Negro vote may play a decisive role in the politically strategic states of New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Illinois, as every Presidential candidate is acutely aware. At several northern colleges white students have demonstrated their sympathy for the Negro's struggle, and in all parts of the country there are a growing number of people conscious of the world-wide implications of the issue. "The American Dilemma", as the race problem has been aptly termed, is a conflict between Western ideals and actual American practice. There are people in both races who are aware that the Negro has justice and history on his side. The "winds of change" in the South are blowing into a hurricane that cannot be resisted.

JOHN E. OWEN

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THE PLIGHT OF ARGENTINA

IT is unfortunate that few European newspapers maintain regular correspondents in Latin America. Rarely does one encounter a non-Latin American who has read history from books published in, say, Buenos Aires or Mexico City. Most of the information regarding these 20 nations emanates from North American sources, news services, books and periodicals. And travellers or writers passing through remote areas like

Latin America are always liable to be impressed by the exotic and the romantic, the striking and the bizarre; it makes their books more readable, more profitable than an account of daily life. As a result the outside world receives a one-sided view of happenings south of the Rio Grande. Take the present case of Argentina, second largest nation in South America, roughly equal in area to all of Western Europe including Scandinavia. This rich country, the larder that supplied beef and corn to the tables of the world for so many years, is once again the stage upon which a political drama—perhaps a tragedy—is being enacted. Recent developments appear paradoxical. Do the people, who are experiencing their first taste of democratically-elected government, prefer a dictatorship?

Within a few months of President Frondizi's assumption of office in May, 1958, economic chaos was strangling Argentina. The blame, obviously, was the burden of debts the Government inherited from the Perón Government. But Perón had been ousted two and a half years before. Surely after a period of efficient management the country would get back on its feet. One of the President-elect's first acts was to announce that a mass increase in wages for all workers was essential and that it would be decreed when he took office. The increase granted was 60 per cent. As everyone knew it was coming, there was an immediate and increased marking-up of all prices. For at the same time the wage increase was announced all price controls were abolished. The cost of living rose from day to day; conditions of the wage-earners were worse than before their wages were increased. Still another round of wage increases was demanded. The impact of the increase on the employing classes was what might have been expected. In many cases money was not available to meet the workers' demands, and there was no overall increase in production to justify higher wages. But money had to be found and the solution, of course, was to keep the Government printing presses working overtime. A sharp and constant rise in inflation resulted. Dr. Frondizi had provided himself with a problem that would be most difficult for anyone to solve. Disaster stalked the land; discontent mounted. Frondizi's own party, the Intransigent Radicals, enjoying a majority in Congress, enacted a new law which in theory gave the Government control of the unions and made independent action by workers "impossible". Yet strike followed strike.

Unrest came to a head with the oilfield workers in the Andean foothills of Mendoza Province. Argentines possess the raw material that will enable them to pass from an agricultural to a modern industrial State: their country is ranked ninth in the world as an oil possessor. However, like Brazil and Chile, the Argentine legislature has passed laws prohibiting anyone but national government from exploiting the oil deposits discovered. President Frondizi, in his election campaign, promised to honour this agreement. Nevertheless, faced with the huge burden of debts, and in order to obtain capital which would enable the nation substantially to increase the productivity of its petroleum industry, he negotiated a billion dollars worth of development contracts with U.S. companies in November, 1958. The nationalist-minded oilfield workers of Mendoza protested. Before the end of the month a general strike had taken place; Vice-President Gómez, an ex-school teacher new to politics, had resigned, and

500 opponents of the Government were arrested and clapped into gaol under emergency laws that permitted the police to arrest without warrant. Frondizi's Government, which had taken office but seven months before, suspended constitutional rights.

The Christmas "season of brotherly love" passed without incident, but in January, 1959, Frondizi announced a new austerity programme. Argentinians would have to tighten their belts. There were to be meatless days. Public transport prices rose by 75 per cent, cost of petrol by 200 per cent, and railway fares were doubled. Imports were to be subject to surcharges, in some cases as high as 300 per cent. This was a mighty blow as three-quarters of the manufactured goods Argentinians use come in from abroad.

The situation continued to deteriorate; economy sagged, and the coffers of the exchequer were bare. Loans and foreign investment capital were required. Early last spring, President Frondizi left his Casa Rosada for the White House, hat in hand. The Argentine Chief of State proffered to his North American hosts greater opportunity for investment in his country. In exchange a loan was granted. Upon returning home a "Communist plot" to overthrow the régime was discovered. By the first of May the nation was near revolt. The armed forces demanded a complete purge of left-wing and Perónista influences in the Government. On May 14 a re-shuffle of the Cabinet was announced. By the end of the month the situation was chaotic. Bank employees and railway workers went on strike. The Foreign Minister resigned. On May 28 the War Minister sent tanks into the streets to "*protect the citizens*". On the following day over 800 leaders of a strike in defiance of the Government were arrested. However, President Frondizi did not as yet have too many qualms. His only dependable ally was the armed forces, for he had taken care to cultivate them. The War Minister is the most important member of his Cabinet, and the military remain the nation's basic political force, maintaining the Government in power and keeping the opposition from outright rebellion.

The cost of living has approximately doubled since the beginning of the period of austerity, and wages have increased by 30 per cent. But the armed forces have not been touched by this "tight money" policy. One-quarter of Argentina's national budget continues to be spent on the military. Last December the Argentine Air Force purchased 28 Sabre Jets in Washington, and in February the U.S. supplied the navy with some of the latest equipment. Ironically, Argentina has not been involved in war for almost a hundred years. Last summer relations between the President and the generals developed somewhat of a strain. The generals and the admirals were not satisfied that the Government was taking sufficiently strong steps to curb left-wing and Perónista elements. They demanded, and obtained, further Cabinet changes.

On March 16, less than a month before the first electoral test that Frondizi's Government had to face, a state of "internal war" was declared. Hundreds of trade unionists and political leaders were arrested and sent to Patagonian gaols. The country was divided into air force, naval and army districts with military commanders. Opponents of the Government,

who could be arrested without warrant, would be subject to military tribunals. Despite this the election took place, on March 27, with over 50 per cent of the ballots cast expressing opposition to Frondizi. The election sharpened the crisis. On March 28 a new decree was issued from the Casa Rosada. This stipulated that "all publications or groups supporting or linked, directly or indirectly, openly or underground, to the Communists are to be shut down." Yet it is the shadow of Juan Domingo Perón, ousted five years ago, counterpart of Mussolini among the pampas, that continues to hang over the Argentines and to haunt his presidential successor in Buenos Aires. Argentines paint on walls, or say in private, "*Ladrón o no ladrón, queremos a Perón*"—"Thief or no thief, we want Perón." These people have little interest in abstract arguments about liberty and democracy; but they remember that under Perón they bought a TV set, ate steaks, and enjoyed just about as much freedom of expression as they do today.

ORLANDO MARTINEZ

INDUSTRIAL POLICY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

WITHIN the British Commonwealth the tide of legislation runs, or has run till now, in general from the Mother Country to the Dominions. The rare chance of a contrary movement can now be discerned, and is worth noting carefully. An important stage in the matter was the 1954 Labour Relations Act of the Legislative Assembly of the Province. The chief features of the Act are the supervisory functions of the Labour Relations Board and a hierarchy of conciliation officers, conciliation boards and industrial enquiry commissions to be set up by the Minister of Labour, either upon application or on his own initiative. Besides these provisions, which may be regarded as administrative routine, the Act recognizes parallel rights for both sides: employers and trade unions linked together by "certification". This novelty is set out in Clause 10 (1): "A trade union claiming to have as members in good standing a majority of employees in a unit that is appropriate for collective bargaining may, subject to the regulations, apply to the Board to be certified for the unit in any of the following cases . . ."

The Act confers an interesting new status on Collective Agreements. They must include "a provision for final and conclusive settlement without stoppage of work, by arbitration or otherwise, of all differences between the persons bound by the agreement concerning its interpretation, application, operation, or any alleged violation thereof. If the parties omit this provision, the Minister shall by order prescribe a provision for such purpose." The most striking novelty in the Act is Clause 50 (1), which states categorically: "Notwithstanding anything contained in this Act, no person shall declare or authorize a strike and no employee shall strike until after a vote has been taken by secret ballot of the employees in the

unit affected as to whether to strike or not to strike, and the majority of such employees who vote have voted in favour of a strike."

A group of employers who are considering a lockout are placed under the same obligation to decide by a secret vote. If there is doubt regarding the legality or illegality of a strike or lockout, the Minister may refer the decision to a Judge of the Supreme Court. Clauses 56 to 61 define offences under the Act and assign money penalties.

The 1954 Act goes far towards regularizing the relations of employers and trade unions on a legal basis. But a further Act was passed in 1959 concerned primarily with "picketing". Clause 3 (1) provides as follows: "Where there is a strike that is not illegal under the Labour Relations Act or a lockout, a trade union members of which are on strike or locked out, and anyone authorized by the trade union may, at the employers' place of business operations, or employment, and without acts that are otherwise unlawful, persuade or endeavour to persuade anyone not to enter the employers' place of business, etc." Clause 4 (1) provides that any action in breach of Clause 3 (1) renders the agent liable in damages to anyone injured thereby. Clause 4 (2) reads thus: "The act of any member of an employers' organization or trade union is presumed, unless the contrary is shown, to be done, authorized, or concurred in by the employers' organization or the trade union." The Clause is to be read in close connection with Clause 7 (1) and (2), which declare an employers' organization and a trade union to be a legal entity for purposes of prosecuting and being prosecuted for offences against the Labour Relations Act, and for purposes of suing and being sued under this Act. This law appears to legalize picketing but in fact limits it. Thus the employees of the Aristocratic Restaurants, a chain of cafés in Vancouver, neither were nor wished to become members of a trade union, but a trade union nevertheless "picketed" the cafés with sandwichmen in an attempt to dissuade the public from entering. This action, there being no strike, became illegal under the 1959 Act.

The legislation of 1954 and 1959 speaks for itself. It presents British Columbia as a modern business community emancipating itself from conditions which many people in Britain think unfair and harmful not only to individuals but to the very structure of the State.

JOHN MURRAY

THE BAHAMAS IN 1960

IN the thick of 1960 events will be the British Colony of the Bahamas, consisting of a chain of islands, cays, and reefs covering an area 760 miles in length from Grand Bahama to Inagua and lying in a southerly direction from the Florida coast of the United States of America, from which it is separated by that part of the Gulf Stream known as the Straits of Florida. The total area is about 4,400 square miles, or roughly the size

of Jamaica, the largest island of the West Indies Federation. The Biminis, the most westerly of the islands, are less than 50 miles from Miami, the resort city of Florida, and Inagua, the most southerly, is about the same distance from Dr. Fidel Castro's Cuba, now undergoing major revolutionary changes. The climate of the Bahamas is one of the finest in the world, and is regarded as the Colony's greatest asset. Frost is unknown there.

The island of New Providence, although one of the smallest of inhabited islands of the Bahamas group, is the most important because it contains the capital city of the Colony, Nassau. This city owes its importance to its large sheltered harbour, formed by Hog Island, to the north of New Providence. The island of New Providence lies between Eleuthera to the east and Andros to the west. It is 21 miles long, seven miles wide and contains about 58 square miles. The population of the Bahamas could be computed as near enough to 90,500. On the books, the Colony of the Bahamas is British and the running is administered through the British Colonial Office. The Bahamas, like other colonial areas whose early days were mixed up with "grants to adventurers", has grown up with a peculiar conception of central government seemingly dedicated to succeeding adventurers, and their heirs and successors. These heirs and successors are now commonly known as "the Bay Street Boys". They form a substantial front in their effort to keep the Colony of the Bahamas their preserve and happy hunting and play-ground.

So much is known to be wrong in the economic, political and social structure of the Bahamas that the writer could fairly start anywhere. If one chooses the political structure, the thinking is so broken-down, old and odd, that one wonders if it really is of our time. I chose to start on the racial situation, a subject that I have been studying with great interest during my numerous visits to the Bahamas. Since 1956 the intense racial segregation and discrimination practised against the peoples of colour, who form more than two-thirds of the Colony's population, has decreased to a very large extent, but a considerable amount is yet to be done to bring the situation to a fair standard in line with world advancement.

In the field of politics (if it can be called that) the majority party—the United Bahamian Party (better and openly known as "the Bay Street Boys"), who occupy their position by a cross of vote-juggling and big-brother watching paternalism, is in a position literally to kill the Progressive Liberal Party (the party of the Bahamian masses) in its every move to secure measures for the benefit of the Colony as a whole. The members of the United Bahamian Party openly boast that the Good Lord made the Bahamas and placed them thereupon to rule and govern, in particular over the African mass of the population. At this stage, I must confess that it is only the quality of the spirit of the Progressive Liberal Party (which could stand a great deal more organizing) and their leadership that seem unlikely to be submerged by the forces of "the Bay Street Boys" who give the appearance that they will never yield an inch without a militant engagement. The signs that I saw and the messages that I heard on the breeze during a recent visit to Nassau, allow me to believe that the year 1960 will turn out to be the Colony's *blitzkrieg* year. The outside support

that the Bahamian leadership appeared to be lacking is beginning to be available to them.

The most outstanding and outspoken advocates of the struggle of the Bahamian people are Linden Pindling (a brilliant young African-descent advocate), Cyril Stevenson (editor of the Bahamian people's paper, *The Herald*, and a man with a bright gift of words, who knows how, when and where to use them) and Milo Butler (a hard-working, down-to-earth man who has been through the mills of adversity and knows truly the feelings of the under-dog). The numbers of their followers continue to grow, but they are plagued with too many "drones" who give the impression of band-wagon riders. These must be educated and regrouped to lend a constructive hand in this vital time of the Bahamian awakening. Slackers should be weeded out as soon as possible to give the just and legitimate PLP the benefit of a healthy and righteous growth.

The Progressive Liberal Party is militant. It demands true democracy and not the farce now in action. It wants adult suffrage with one person one vote, both sexes eligible to vote, and all elections on one date, with impartial scrutineers. The PLP is against the present system of administration through "boards" and seeks to place in its stead the ministerial system. In the past a constant embarrassment for Her Majesty's Government and the Colonial Office has been the use of official honours granted to suggest that they were received for keeping the island blacks in their places (in the backyard) and maintaining the *status quo*. It is suggested in open secret that these acts for the benefit of the "Bay Street Boys" are done with the full consent, wish, desire and intention of the powers that be and the British people (who are unaware of these happenings). The PLP has become increasingly interested in the politics to the south, where Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad and even British Guiana will figure prominently in the future of the new emergence. The founding, at the heart of the Commonwealth, of a strong lobby in the House of Commons, Westminster, particularly on the Labour benches, will aid the emergence and increase its vitality.

S. GRANT

THUNDER IN FIJI

THE British Administration in Fiji is suffering from an all too common colonial stomach ache—caused by the unwittingly indigestible feast of its predecessors. It may be just that the sins of the fathers should be visited on their children; but it is hard when those fathers thought themselves wholly virtuous. In 1874, the Voluntary Deed of Cession by which Thakombau and his Chiefs acceded to the Empire, was held to be an advanced and idealistic agreement. The danger that "the people might become strangers in their own country" was realized and land ownership secured to the Fijian people, who still control over 80 per cent. This security has enabled them, like Samoans and Tongans, to maintain their own way of life.

At the same time, in accordance with the nineteenth century theory of

the Dual Mandate European development of Fijian resources, sugar, bananas, copra, proceeded by the aid of Indian indentured labour. This provided a livelihood for about 60,000 poor from overcrowded India, most of whom settled in the Islands when indenture was abolished in 1917. (As late as 1936 an official statement pointed out that Indians going home "invariably returned to Fiji by the next boat.") Almost all are sugar cane farmers, and most are tenants of the Colonial Sugar Refining Company. Without the praise or publicity accorded to the Sudan Gezira experiment, this Company has held a similar and successful relationship with Government and tenant. Indians thereby have prospered and multiplied until now; they not only outnumber but are still increasing faster than the Fijians. In 1957 there were about 153,356 Fijians and 177,247 Indians and a small minority of Europeans, Chinese and others. Although the total population pressure on land is not an immediate danger, the unbalance is. It is this explosive material which the Burns Commission examined last summer under the deceptively dull title of Population and Land Development Problems.

Indians, who have made their way by hard work and thrift, increasingly feel they are not getting a fair deal and cast covetous eyes on Fijian land. It may be unfortunate that the Company has to some extent blanketed sugar farmers from the present economic reality of a saturated market, so that their demand for cane land has more social than economic validity. The disturbing fact remains that while successive Governors have told Fijians that their land is their greatest asset which they hold in trust for posterity, Indians also have a claim based on Lord Salisbury's promise in 1875, that their rights were "in no whit inferior to those of any other race."

The Fijian Council of Chiefs has always been aware of Indian pressure and, as early as 1888, raised the question of the ultimate result of immigration, pointing out that "while not wishing to be inhospitable, Indian customs are different from those of Fiji." Yet, in recent years, Fijians have become aware that their traditional form of land tenure, with which their whole social structure is linked, does not make the best possible use of land, from an economic point of view. As a Council Paper of 1945 stated, the Fijian is not yet an economic animal and money means nothing in relation to conditions of companionship. Even compared with parts of Africa, Fiji has one of the most complicated forms of land tenure intricately related to social obligations. Kere-kere, for instance, the individual's lien on the property of the community—was an invaluable social security in the past. Now it makes individual thrift and enterprise impossible, since profit can immediately be claimed by idle and improvident kin. Although some provision for individual tenure has been made, Fijians prefer co-operative work, and rightly fear the breakdown of their society. Moreover, official desire to protect them, as with the Northern Nigerians, has helped to inhibit progress.

The problems of Fijian economic development in relation to Indians, and the effects on social life, are allied to the hard economic possibilities of obtaining an estimated £13 million for investment. Capital

at present is largely Australian, since the enormous distance has limited British enterprise, though small grants have been available under the Colonial Welfare and Development Act. Fiji is one of the few areas where a dispassionate consideration by experts is not yet warped by party politics there or in Britain and this apparent lack of urgency may lead the Colonial Office, embarrassed by African dangers, to shelve the Burns Report. Yet, if action were to be taken before it is vitiated by faction or finance it could be vitally important for the future of the Pacific, of which Fiji is the British headquarters. And the Pacific may become as vital to us as Africa in the atomic future.

M. MORTIMER

THE INDUS WATERS

THE Indus and its tributaries carry plenty of water; so much indeed that the lands about are regularly subject to floods (there were particularly severe ones in Pakistan in September, 1955, and August, 1956); hence Flood Control, and who is to be responsible for it. According to the World Bank report issued in connection with the Plan of February 5, 1954 (dealt with below), the areas which these waters are expected to irrigate, and their dependent populations, are:

India: 26 million acres; 21 million people;

Pakistan: 39 million acres; 39 million people.

With the partition of the Indian sub-continent and the achievement of independence for both parts, the waters at once became one of the most acute problems. (The others included Kashmir; the demarcation of frontiers generally; the migration of dissatisfied communities; and the transfer of, or compensation for their property—land, banking accounts, and so forth.) The region primarily concerned is the divided Punjab, whereof the West—through which flow some 300 miles of the Indus, and long stretches of the chief tributaries: Chenab, Jhelum, Ravi and Sutlej—belongs to Pakistan; while the East Punjab, with the Beas and part of the Sutlej, belongs to India. The trouble with a river, of course, is that the claim to its waters cannot rest on the fixed geographical position of its route, since the waters, unlike those of a lake, do not stop in the same place all the time. Who can say to whom they belong?

It did not take long after Independence Day (August 15, 1947, for India; the Dominion of Pakistan had already been inaugurated on July 19 of the same year) to reach in a reasonable spirit, on May, 4, 1948, a preliminary agreement—the first of a series seeking the final solution. Under this it was agreed that a comprehensive survey of the whole area, with special relation to the flow of waters, and the needs of different areas, would be made. Pakistan recognized India's needs, and agreed that she may diminish progressively the waters to be supplied to Pakistan through irrigation canals fed from rivers in Indian territory. Pakistan was to make payments for the waters she received from this source, but the intricacies

of the practical problem were queerly indicated by their classification into "disputed" and "agreed" payments. The former were to be deposited in a bank and not drawn upon until the "dispute" was settled.

The unsolved Kashmir problem is linked up with this matter, and already in August, 1950, the Pakistan Government, on the ground that they had signed the 1948 Agreement under duress (which the Indian Government promptly denied), repudiated it and declared it to have expired. In September, 1951, the Indian Government proposed that an impartial international authority should judge on the validity of the agreement; but no reply was received from Pakistan. Subsequently, on September, 1, 1958, a statement by the Indian Government declared Pakistan to be in arrears in her payments to the tune of nearly Rs. ten million (say £750,000).

The practical difficulties of control and distribution had come to a head with a proposal by the Indian Government, in 1952, to set up a barrage dam with an irrigation canal at Bhakra on the Sutlej about 50 miles N.W. of Simla. It was affirmed that Pakistan's share of the Sutlej waters would be safeguarded, but Pakistan alleged that she was not yet getting that share; and when, on July 8, 1954, the irrigation canal system was opened by none other than Mr. Nehru, the Pakistan Government, two days later, made a violent protest. (The dam was actually brought into action on November 17, 1955.)

Meanwhile the World Bank, interested in India's economic development, which it had assisted with substantial loans (as it is still doing) had intervened. Early in 1954 it proposed that the entire flow of the Indus, Jhelum and Chenab should be reserved for Pakistan, except for provision (amount not specified) for Kashmir. The tributaries Ravi, Beas and Sutlej would be for the exclusive use of India after a transitional period of five years, during which Pakistan would complete link canals. Part of the cost of these would be met by India, in proportion to what she would draw from them. (The Indian Government has claimed to have spent Rs. 600 million.) According to India under this scheme Pakistan would receive 80 per cent of the total flow. A rather curious estimate of the quantity of the Indus waters was published in India in May, 1958. The total flow was given as 168 million acre-feet, whereof Pakistan got 64 millions and India only 9 millions, while 16 millions were declared to be lost in the artificial channels, and 78 millions alleged to run through Pakistan to waste in the sea!

Certainly on the face of it Pakistan was offered generous treatment, but its suspicious Government did not think it would work out right. It can be agreed that practice was likely to be complicated. To take one example, work benefiting Pakistan would often have to be constructed on Indian territory. Only with the greatest good-will on both sides could such practical difficulties be overcome. The Kashmir conflict did not make things easier. Anyhow, the Indian Government accepted, and the Pakistan Government, on June 26, 1954, rejected the proposals. Accordingly on December 10, 1954, the World Bank slightly modified its plan. A flow from the Jhelum was to be reserved for Kashmir, while Pakistan was to have a definite schedule for the amounts she might draw from India's

tributaries (Ravi, Beas and Sutlej) during the "transitional period", which was to be the time required to complete the "link canals" to Pakistan. There was to be temporary co-operative supervision and administration. Each country would construct the works on its own territory, the cost being borne by the country benefiting.

The scheme, however, still remains only a paper one, while Pakistan continues to affirm that the 1948 agreement has expired. The Indian Government, indeed, in that statement of September 1, 1958, already mentioned, made a conciliatory gesture by offering to extend the "transitional period" to 1962.

Negotiations indeed still continue. 1955 actually saw some hopeful, though rather trivial, temporary agreements. On June 21, as a result of a meeting in the conciliatory atmosphere of Washington, Pakistan agreed to the use by India of additional waters to be drawn by canals from the three tributaries, but only up to September 30, 1955. The period was extended to March, 1956, by another agreement in Washington on October 31, 1955, and yet again (Washington, September 27, 1956) to March 31, 1957. Moreover an agreement for co-operation in Flood Control, following the disastrous floods in Pakistan was signed at Karachi on September 10, 1955. But disputes over the difficult, almost impossible problem of sharing the "Canal Waters" still continued.

Early in 1957 the World Bank, concerned doubtless about the steadily increasing total of its loans, again intervened through its Vice-President, who arrived at New Delhi on June 7. On the 17th came the puzzling report that the Indian authorities had cut off the canal waters to East Punjab. No satisfactory confirmation of this action or the reason for it has been made public, but naturally the incident, whether it took place or was only a "report" of what is now the familiar "propaganda" kind, illustrates the means for complicating negotiations and increases tension. Possibly the matter was connected with India's desire to divert waters to Rajasthan, for which an irrigation canal was begun on March 31, 1958. Another canal, however, for the benefit of the Punjab, the Sirhind, was opened on July 1. All of which emphasizes the contradictions. Meanwhile, on December 23, 1957, the Pakistan Government, following India's example of the Bhakra Dam, signed a contract for one of its own on the Jhelum river. On September 12 and 15, 1958, the Indian Government in a statement to both the Indian Houses of Parliament gave a blunt denial of the Pakistan claim that the 1948 Agreement had expired. So the thing seemed to be going on, like the waters themselves! But the India-Pakistan atmosphere improved. There was a Trade Agreement in December, 1959, and discussions on border problems led to substantial agreement in January, 1960. The World Bank followed with a comprehensive financial proposal published on March 1, 1960. The total sum estimated for implementation of the February, 1954, proposals was given as £360 million much the same as the figure already quoted. But now we are given a remarkable example of real international co-operation, encouraging to all who are hoping for a more settled world. The United States, Britain, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, even West Germany were listed in *The Times*

report as each offering a share, leaving India and Pakistan to provide £92 million from their own resources. Britain was to contribute some £20.6 million over a period of ten years. The work will probably take at least as long as that, but it should settle the matter and be of great benefit to all directly concerned, as well as a pleasing example to the world in general.

A. S. ELWELL-SUTTON

LACORDAIRE: I

NO member of the little group of friends who launched the Catholic revival in France directly influenced so many souls as Lacordaire.

The greatest French preacher since Massillon impressed his friends by his sanctity no less than the crowded congregations in Notre Dame by his thrilling eloquence. Though religion played an important part in the life of Chateaubriand and Joseph de Maistre, Lamennais and Montalembert, all of them had wider interests. With Lacordaire religion was the sole abiding concern. His incomparable success in the pulpit and his unique position at the Vatican left him as humble at the height of his fame as when he was young and unknown and joined the staff of *l'Avenir*. Everyone who approached him was struck by his modesty and sincerity. Though he never wrote a large book, and sermons need to be heard, he lives in the voluminous correspondence with Montalembert, Mme. Swetchine and other friends in which he revealed the secrets of his heart. When his voice was stilled his work was carried on by the preachers of the Dominican Order which he had revived after its abolition during the Revolution.

Born in 1802, Lacordaire displayed signs of religious fervour in his earliest years. His first confession at the age of seven left a deep impression, and he preached to his brothers and his nurse in a makeshift-chapel arranged by his mother, as the younger Pitt had harangued the servants from the dining room table in his father's house. His zeal caused the nurse to exclaim: "Don't get so hot." With his sensitive nature he found his rough schoolfellows a sore trial; yet the secular atmosphere left its mark. Clouds of doubt gathered in the sky, since, in his own words, his intelligence and his conscience were at war. He left college, according to his later account, with his faith destroyed but there is no reason to believe that he ever crossed the boundary between temptation and sin.

After studying law at the University of Dijon with little interest, he entered the office of an advocate in Paris and began to practise at the bar. With his gift of speech he would soon have made his name in court, for Berryer, the leading lawyer of the Revolution, heard and admired him. But his heart was not in his work, for at this phase his thoughts turned longingly towards the Church: "Alas," he exclaimed, "I have said goodbye to literature though I am born to live with the muses." He felt lonely and disappointed but the clouds soon cleared away. Influenced by

Lamennais' *Essai sur l'Indifférence* and other religious works, he cast aside his doubts, resolved to be a priest, entered the seminary of St. Sulpice and never looked back. Even now he was not wholly happy, for as a liberal he found himself out of sympathy with the royalist atmosphere of the place and he regretted the lack of apostolic spirit in the Church which he had hoped to find. The task of imparting religious instruction in a girls' school failed to satisfy a young priest filled with burning zeal and conscious of his abilities. An invitation by the French bishop of New York to visit the United States, where the Church was entirely independent of the State, was seriously considered, but declined after consulting Lamennais, the oracle of French Catholicism in the 'twenties.

The revolution of 1830 opened a new chapter in the history of France and the career of Locardaire, and provided the outlet for his energies. Accepting with a kind of intoxication an invitation from Lamennais to co-operate in a Catholic daily which he proposed to launch, he threw himself heart and soul into the crusade for the revival of Christianity in France by a frank acceptance of democratic principles, by championing the cause of social reform, and above all by liberating the Church from the stifling embrace of the State. While Lamennais supplied the ideas and the dynamism his principal lieutenant wrote most of the leading articles. "We are paid by our enemies," he complained, "by those who regard us as hypocrites and who feel that our life depends on their money. Though they are our debtors they have come to think they give us alms. Their attitude is so wounding that anyone who tolerates it is beneath contempt. It is like a debtor meeting his creditor, who flings a few coins in the mud, exclaiming 'work, lazybones, work.' That is how our enemies have treated us for 30 years. Catholic priests are as poor as Job. All we know of tomorrow is that Providence will rise before the sun. We feel our servitude deeply, and consider poverty a hundred times better than the insults of a Prefect and the vanity of the Church. Have men ever been treated with greater contempt? They mock at your prayers and command you to sing them, and if you disobey, you are seditious and the Treasury will close its doors. If you obey, no words can express what they think of you. We protest against these indignities, against this martyrdom of opprobrium."

L'Avenir was in revolt against the Government, not against the Vatican for the editors were perfectly sound on Catholic doctrine. Three months after launching the paper the editors issued a declaration of loyalty and submission to the Holy See: "If there is anything in our policy contrary to the Catholic faith, we beg the Heart of Christ to be good enough to warn us. That is the first and most vital principle of our writings. We are immersed in obedience; after a life of trials and conflicts we hope the words of Fénelon will be inscribed on our tomb. 'Oh! Holy Church of Rome, if I forget thee may I be forgotten'." The reformers were before their time and the paper, frowned on by the hierarchy, failed to pay its way and ceased publication after 11 months. In their zeal for renovation and material sacrifice the editors had forgotten that self-preservation is the strongest of human instincts, and that the clergy could hardly be expected to dispense with State help without certainty whether the vacuum

could and would be filled from another source. Though man does not live by bread alone, even a *curé* cannot live and work without it. By the radical nature of their programme and the peremptory tone of their utterances the editors had aroused more opposition than support, and they felt that if their crusade was to continue the sanction of the Vatican must be sought.

The cool reception of the pilgrims in the Eternal City has been described in previous articles. Unlike Lamennais, who regarded himself as a prophet with a divine mission to save the Church in France, and the youthful Montalembert, who saw everything through his leader's eyes, Lacordaire was profoundly impressed by the tranquil majesty and detachment of Rome, and was soon prepared for unconditional surrender to the superior wisdom of the Holy See. While writing for *l'Avenir* he had been as intransigent as his colleagues and no shadow of doubt as to the utility of their campaign ever crossed his mind. When the Vatican, before granting an audience, requested a statement on the views expressed in *l'Avenir*, he was charged by his colleagues to prepare a memorandum. The tone, needless to say, was less polemical than that of the paper, but the main principles of their gospel of Christian democracy were firmly upheld. He began by arguing the necessity of avoiding the identification of the Church with any political party and above all of dispensing with financial aid from the State. Only by such a drastic measure could a convincing answer be found to the popular charge that the clergy were functionaries of the State. The memorandum closed with a declaration of their loyalty to the Pope, docile to his voice as little children.

Though there was no sign of recantation in the memorandum, the author was already a changed man, and a few years later Lacordaire described the transformation: "Arriving in Rome at the tomb of the Apostles I knelt and said: 'Lord, I am beginning to feel my weakness. Have pity on Thy servant. I have learned that the Church is the liberator. Oh! Rome, seated amid the storms of Europe, in you there is no faltering, no weakness. Your glance, directed to the four quarters of the earth, views the panorama of events with sublime clarity and in relation to the divine scheme.'" After drafting a statement on the policy of *l'Avenir* and receiving the advice which he interpreted as a command to return to France while it was being considered, he left his impatient colleagues in Rome in expectation of an early declaration. Seemingly unwanted in Paris and temporarily unemployed, he found an outlet for his energies in visiting hospitals during a cholera epidemic and comforting the victims on their death-beds.

The Encyclical *Mirari Vos* reached the three friends in Munich, where Lamennais and Montalembert were staying on their way home and where, by chance, Lacordaire was visiting friends. Though neither they nor their paper were mentioned by name they joined in a declaration of submission; but Lamennais had no intention of abandoning his campaign. Lacordaire now spent three months with his old chief in his home in Brittany in a final effort to secure unconditional submission to the Holy See. The effort was in vain. "I am leaving this evening," he writes to Lamennais, "as

in honour bound, convinced that henceforth my life will be of no use to you, owing to our disagreements on the Church and society which have increased every day. Despite my sincere efforts to understand your opinions I believe that a republic will not be established in France or anywhere in Europe in my lifetime or long after that, and I could not take part in a movement with other principles. Without renouncing my liberal ideas, I believe that the Church has had very good reasons, in view of the deep corruption of parties, in declining to move as quickly as we should have wished. Perhaps your views are more correct and more profound, and in view of your superiority over me, I ought to have been convinced. But reason is not the whole of man, and since I cannot eradicate the ideas which separate us, it is only right to end our association. My conscience compels me no less than my honour, for I must make something of my life for God, and being unable to follow you, what can I do here except weary you, discourage you by sabotaging your projects and annihilating myself? You will never know, except in heaven, how I have suffered during the last year by the mere thought of causing you pain. I go to the United States or remain in France; wherever I am you will receive proofs of the respect and attachment I shall always feel for you."

After burning his boats Lacordaire informed the Archbishop of Paris that the break with the past was final. "No one has suffered more in mind and his dearest affections in the last two years than myself. For the peace of the Church and the tranquillity of my conscience I have broken sacred ties and added to the distress of a man who, despite his talent and his fame had no other earthly consolation than the fidelity of his friends. I have placed the Church above everything in my heart. Convinced that we cannot do too much for the Church to which we owe our life and the truth, nor for the peace, glory, exaltation and love of the Holy See, I have resolved to give a new mark of my obedience and my faith. I undertake to follow solely and absolutely the doctrine set forth in the Encyclical *Mirari Vos* and to write and approve nothing which does not conform to it. I am happy to have the occasion of laying at the feet of the Holy Father the expression of my veneration and transmit to him through you this my filial act." The Church in France, he had come to feel, was stronger than Lamennais and his youthful associates believed. "Five centuries have elapsed between the Papal sojourn at Avignon and the revolution of 1789," he wrote to Mme. Swetchine. "This country has experienced the religious ferment, Gallicanism, Protestantism, Jansenism, Cartesianism, and yet nothing has availed to eradicate or wither the Catholic roots. God does not seem to have abandoned France which may be destined to renovate Christianity in Europe. I have been charged with enthusiasm. But who has placed France so high, who has so confidently foretold her resurrection as M. de Maistre, and that at a time when there was none of the lights on the horizon which we witness today? France has been expiating her crimes for 50 years, and words of encouragement would aid her convalescence."

G. P. GOOCH

To be continued

THE FAR SAVANNAH OF BRITISH GUIANA

WE went by air, as all travellers to the remoter parts of British Guiana must, unless they are prepared for a journey measurable in weeks.

There is much to be said for such leisurely journeys, and a flight of a few hours from north to south can convey little more than a vague idea of the character of the country. But at least it can do that, at least the broad outlines can be made out. First to be distinguished is the coastal strip, intensively planted to sugar-cane, and supporting some 90 per cent of the population of the colony. Then comes the wide zone of forest, flawed minutely and at the widest intervals by human activity. We had to look closely to see anything of this. From the air the forest was seen as a green and unbroken swathing of the earth, nodular in texture, an infinity of pimples, each pimple the crown of a great tree. Rivers did something to diversify the pattern, but only when we looked at them from vertically above. Then the forest came to an end, shredding its margin out into promontories and islands. Soon we saw it no more and were droning our way southwards over the parched and tawny-yellow levels of the savannah, its surface scribbled with the wide wanderings of water-courses now completely dry. Very occasionally patches of clay stood out, because of the gleam of mire-rimmed water still surviving. Very occasionally matchbox-size settlements could with some difficulty be distinguished.

We were following the course of the Rupununi River, the greatest of the Essequibo's tributaries. Then for a while forest returned, a belt of mountains of no great height, but tree-clad from base to summit, to this day far from completely explored. The Rupununi trenched itself deeply to cross this belt, dividing it into roughly equal eastern and western halves. These are the Kanuku Mountains, and it is beyond them that the far savannah lies, that remoter, more southerly stretch, different in one important respect from the northerly, with the great ranching settlement of Dadanawa as its focus, as you might say its capital. It was for Dadanawa that we were bound, and on whose air-strip, serving what is certainly among the most extensive open cattle-ranges to be found anywhere, that we presently came down. We were met by the manager, who was to be our host, with his Land Rover, and he drove us along winding wheeltracks over the thinly tufted barrens of the savannah, to a cluster of timber houses, some on stilts, in the midst of a fenced and gated enclosure.

It was with this as headquarters that we got to know something of the character of the far savannah, and soon saw what it is that distinguishes it from that to the north of the Kanuku Mountains. For this is a mountainous savannah, not because its height above sea-level is any greater, but because it is closely set about with hills and mountains rising abruptly from the plain, like chessmen on a board. Most are conical in form, some dome-like, others castellated with serrations of ridge and tower. Their contribution to the scene is of the first importance, for they provide on the one hand a fresh dimension, the vertical in the midst of what is otherwise uncompromisingly horizontal; on the other fresh colours, gradations of purple, blue and grey within a scheme of colours in which, apart from the blue of the sky, all else is tawny or palely green. At all times of the

day, and wherever we happened to be, we were aware of them, most rewardingly of all out on the savannah in the evening, when the setting sun laid a colour-wash of pale gold over the plain, and the nearer heights were sombrely green, furred to their summits with scarcely penetrable bush, where jaguars make their lairs. From these the gaze passed to those of the middle distance, diminishing with gradations of purple, singly, in groups and in ranges. Beyond stood the furthest of all, those of the encircling horizon, aligned in ethereal remoteness, dissolving into an amethyst haze.

In size and shape no two were alike. One extreme presented itself as a low, shield-shaped dome, weathered to blackness and rising no more than a few feet above the level of the sand. Its gentle slopes were littered with exfoliated rock-slabs, were set here and there with spiny barrels of cacti, and were astir with scurrying lizards that faithfully matched their background. The rock was a gneiss, solidified from the molten condition unimaginably long ago. It seems that not only these domes, but the savannah mountains in general, are made up of this or some similar rock, which is in truth the ultimate platform of the country, deeply overlaid by sand, emerging at intervals in these cones and castellations. This would account for their being islands of forest, since when weathered they would be rich in the mineral salts that plant life demands. The sand by contrast is exceedingly sterile.

Another characteristic formation had been eroded not yet to a low dome, but to a cyclopean berg as of masonry, with boulders half as big as a house balanced uneasily up and down the slopes. The scene here was broken and savage. A few starveling trees had contrived to establish themselves. Their elbowed branches were fixed in wild gesticulations, their roots had insinuated themselves into crevices and were now with slow compulsion wrenching the sides apart. To find them they had groped their way snake-like together over several yards of rock-surface, and were entwined with one another in a network of woody strands. Some of these trees had arrived at old age unencumbered by parasitic growths. Others were doomfully enwrapped by the strangler fig and were barely alive within a cage of roots not their own.

These and many more were highly individual features of the savannah. So were the occasional ponds, not on their own account, but because of the wealth of bird-life they attracted. We saw great flocks of restless, golden-winged jacanas; jabiru-storks, long-legged, inert and lumpish; plumed egrets; sickle-billed, purple-brown ibis which took to the air on our approach and circled slowly with honking cries, wild, mellow and strangely moving. One of the ponds differed from all the rest in being filled, even in this dry season, with a generous depth of water. A colony of black-crowned night-herons lived there in numbers sufficient to make a murmur of wings when we disturbed them. One end of this same pond was dry, floored with mud and screened by bushes. Approaching silently, we heard sounds that could have been made only by a creature of considerable size, and were in time to see fleetingly four large lolloping things, sombrely furred, with square-ended faces and hugely bulging hindquarters. They were capybaras, the largest rodent in the world.

The mountains, the cyclopean bergs, the ponds with their birds were the

small, circumscribed features of the scene, inviting detailed exploration. That was one way of coming to terms with the spirit of this wilderness. Another was to try to get the feel of it as a whole, as part of a great continent, and that no doubt can be done most easily from the air. But there was one occasion I am unlikely to forget when the imagination, sparked off by a single item of information, achieved the same result. We were driving over the savannah one morning when our host pulled up the Land Rover and pointed to a long, low ridge, indistinguishable from a score we had already seen. That, he told us, marked the watershed hereabouts between the drainage system of the Essequibo and of the Amazon. On our side of the ridge water flowed into the Rupununi, then into the Essequibo and so to the sea, a fall of some 350 feet in 300 miles. On the far side the fall is about the same, but is drawn out over a distance of more than 2,000 miles, by way of the Takutu, which divides British Guiana from Brazil, then the Rio Branco, the Rio Negro, and finally the great Amazon itself.

What of the human side of the picture, the activities of the widely scattered dwellers in this wilderness? There are in the first place the Indians, Wapisianas in the southerly savannah. Seeing them today, you might conclude that they have lost all their primitiveness, and with it their character and independence; the last has certainly gone. The missionaries have been at them. Most get some sort of a living doing menial work for men of a different and dominant race. They wear European clothes, no longer paint and plume themselves, or hang necklaces of jaguars' teeth about their necks. All this is true, but in spite of it there is ample evidence that they are still governed by traditional, centuries-old customs and ways of living. We saw some of this for ourselves. There was, for instance, a house belonging to an Indian family. It stood alone on rising ground, within easy reach of a belt of forest along a tributary stream, and had been built entirely of materials lying close at hand—wattle and daub for the walls, rough-hewn beams and uprights of native timber, held together without nails, palm-thatch for the roof. All was simple, ancestral and, above all, merged in that happy harmony with its surroundings which our civilization, to its grievous loss, has forsaken. There was no-one at home and we gave ourselves the freedom of the place. There were no windows, no door apart from a length of ox-hide, nor anything of what we would consider necessary in the way of furniture—a wooden stool, a hammock and a frame for the weaving of hammocks. That was all. Outside, under a flimsy roof of its own, was what we would call the kitchen, with a hearth of puddled clay, a pan heaped with a white mound of cassava-dough which is the staple food, and on a shelf of bamboo poles a number of those baskets of woven palm-fibre known as *warishis* and used in the manner of a rucksack. There was, too, one of those ingenious, extensible fibre cylinders called *matapis* which the Indians use for squeezing out the highly poisonous juices from grated tubers of cassava. Gimcracks of the modern age were here as well—a smart new bicycle leaning in a corner of what could be called the veranda; within the house, a flashlight with spare batteries, an oil lamp hanging from the ceiling, and in a class

by themselves, religious pictures and texts fastened to the wall.

Fifty yards from the house, within the fringe of the forest, was the garden plot which went with it. As an example of horticulture to our alien eyes it was unimpressive, without order and with little to be seen in the way of crops. The larger trees were still standing, the spaces between strewn with those that had been felled and left to lie. Fire as well as the axe had been at work, and most of the prostrate stems were charred. The plot sheltered in the windless heat, and the heat itself, together with the unstirring air, and the pitiless desiccation of the soil, as hard to the tread as concrete, all seemed to be expressed in terms of sound by the ceaseless bass trilling of cicadas. It was, we were told, typical and traditional. Two successive seasons of cropping are as much as can be hoped for, in the first maize or cassava, in the second fruits of various kinds. It was these crops of the second season that we could see—a few meagre rows of pineapples, half a dozen banana-plants, tattered and sere, pumpkins and melons withered and sprawling, all of them not easily separable from the litter and the weeds. The plot was soon to be abandoned and a fresh one cleared and burned elsewhere. Not for another 20 years could this one be pressed into service once more.

This glimpse into the lives of the indigenous folk we owed to our host. From him, too, came what we were able to learn of the lives of those others, more sophisticated, who have settled here to exploit the resources of these wide grass-lands. The word should be written in the singular, for there is really only one resource. It is most unlikely that this sterile sand could ever be used widely for the growing of crops, but nature seems to have designed the savannah as a cattle-country. But the grazing is extremely poor; hence the open range and the enormous extent of this one ranch, with an average density of one beast for every 60 acres. The sandy soil is deficient in those nutrient salts without which there can be no flourishing plant life. It is nearer the truth to say that there is no soil at all in the true sense, since humus fails to establish itself. We wanted to know why and were told that it was because of the torrential rains of the wet season, when the cattle have to make for islands in the midst of what for weeks at a time are wide stretches of standing water. As for improvement, we were told rather scornfully about experts who come from the coast and want to know why the land cannot be made to support twice its present density of cattle. Their solution to the problem is fertilizers. Our host disposed of this in two different ways: every pound of fertilizer would have to come by air, an enormous quantity would be needed, and the cost would be prohibitive; having been scattered at this prohibitive cost, the fertilizer would then suffer the same fate as the humus after rain. All the same there are those who believe that it could be done bit by bit, on a limited scale, but this would mean chopping up the savannah into fenced enclosures, where grazing would become much more intensive. To the old staggers this would cause the death of what they deeply love, the open range.

But for all the poverty of its grazing, this far savannah is a splendid cattle-country, and the rearing of cattle continues as a flourishing com-

mmercial undertaking. In earlier days the cattle were driven down the Rupununi cattle-trail which is still used to some extent, and runs from the northern savannah, through the heart of the forest, to a point on the Demarara River. Nowadays the beasts are slaughtered in abattoirs on the savannah and the carcasses carried by air to the coast.

LESLIE REID

INDIAN IMPRESSIONS

WHEN the plane touched down at St. Cruz, the airport of Bombay, on February 2, 1960, it was my first contact with Asia. The violent contrast between East and West, the climate and social habits, were bewildering. In the vast harbour of Bombay, with its population of over two million inhabitants, as I arrived at the hotel I noticed poor people sleeping on the pavement. My room, heavily "flitted" against mosquitos, had frosted windows. The air-conditioning machine was out of action. The croaking calls of jackdaws on the huge palms between the houses in the overpowering heat kept me sleepless. I opened a window and was dazzled by the sun over the roofs of the neighbouring houses from which a number of slender, tinny exhaust tubes ludicrously reached into the sky. Huge birds hovered over the city with its Towers of Silence where the Parsees (believers in Zoroastrianism who originally descended from Persians and fled to India from Moslem persecution) still offer their dead to the vultures in order not to pollute the pure elements of fire, air and water.

In the late morning as I crossed the threshold of Bombay University Library I saw above my head the pictures of King George V and his Queen. Dr. D. N. Marshall, the extremely kind and learned University Librarian, must have divined my very thoughts when he remarked that these pictures were an endowment and could not be removed though some people wanted to do away with them. Fortunately, India has a sense of history. Another pleasant experience linked Bombay University with London University where for a short time I had the privilege of studying and lecturing in the Department of that renowned medievalist, Professor Robert Priebsch: a special, locked book-case of the Bombay University German Department Library had the inscription: "In memory of R. Priebsch". My evening lecture in Bombay on European literature and my talk on the All India Radio thus had a deeper significance than I had ever dreamed they could have. In my thoughts I dedicated the garland of tuberoses with which I was welcomed to my great teacher.

The visit on February 4 in the company of Dr. Mehnert and Professor Schultze to the Elephanta cave, on an island near Bombay, was an unforgettable experience. The Elephanta temple is a magnificent example of Hindu religious art; though sorely damaged, by the Portuguese as they say,

these sculptures of about the seventh century A.D., in the opinion of the distinguished late archaeologist E. B. Havell, can be compared with the figures by Phidias and Praxiteles, and the temple can thus be called the Indian Parthenon. Its finest work of art is the Trimurti, where the god Shiva is the centre of the sculptures; he can serve as the embodiment of the Absolute, though Shiva and Vishnu according to H. Zimmer (in his *Myths and Symbol in Indian Art and Civilization*) appear in modern Hinduism as gods of equal stature: that is, destroyer and preserver. The colossal statue of Trimurti (Dreigestalt, Trinity) shows the three aspects of the One or the so-called Brahmanical deities: Brahma Creator, Vishnu Maintainer, Shiva or Mahadeva the Destroyer; Vishnu and Shiva representing the polarity of creation. Another sculpture is dedicated to Shiva and Parvati, Queen-consort, both being symbols of the union of the Two in One. Shiva, the manifestation of eternal energy, is also revealed as the King of Dancers: "Dancing Lord" the "Dance of Nataraja". According to Ananda Coomaraswamy's interpretation, in this dance Shiva (with a tiger skin and a serpent or a garland of skulls round his neck and a dwarf at his feet) "wraps about Him as a garment the tiger fury of human passion; the guile and malice of mankind He wears as a necklace, and beneath His feet is for ever crushed the embodiment of evil." The Shiva-Nataraja is no doubt a favourite theme in Indian marbles and bronzes in which he often represents five activities: creation, maintenance, destruction, concealment (the True Being is veiled behind Maya's apparitions), and peace through revelation.

My stay in Bombay was under a happy star, particularly thanks to the encouragement of the eminent Indian President of the All India P.E.N. Centre, Padmashri Sophia Wadia, who was recently publicly honoured by the Prime Minister Nehru. In her select circle of All India P.E.N. members I met scholars, writers and artists. My neighbour in a bright red cloak was a Buddhist monk who, a week before my lecture, had talked to the P.E.N. on Buddhism. A few days later on, in Bangalore, I had an opportunity of listening to Padmashri Sophia Wadia's public speech to the Rotarians, which was a masterpiece of oratory centred in the emblem of the wheel (from the *Bhagavad-Gita*) and in the image of the bridge. As the wheel must turn ceaselessly so the duty of building bridges between individual and individual and indeed between nations and nations is our supreme responsibility.

On Saturday, February 6, I flew to Bangalore for a lecture to the Indian Institute of World Culture, whose illustrious President was the late Sri B. P. Wadia (1881-1958), and whose wife, Padmashri Sophia Wadia, is President now. In homage to the past President I quote from the 14th Foundation Day Address—his last address to the Institute which he himself had inaugurated in August, 1945—his memorable words about human destiny: "We, as Souls, are the creators of our Destiny. This is Karma: what we are in body, mind, character, is what as never-dying Souls we have made of these in the School of Life."

In the Institute, after my lecture on "Goethe and Schiller in our present age" the students prepared a very pleasant welcome for us and we were

their guests for supper. This time I went entirely Indian. I sat with them on the floor and we enjoyed a good talk and the meal of rice, curry, melted butter and Indian bread. The vegetarian food is healthy though perhaps not cheaper than meat. We remembered the American who, as the story goes, had bought an elephant to take with him to Europe as an example of the good effect of vegetarian food. He did not, however, reveal to his audience how expensive was the food which his gigantic animal swallowed every day.

My stay in Bangalore brought a serene feeling of relaxation. The monkeys on the trees and in the roads did not trouble me while I sat in the shadow of the verandah and studied the rise of the Gandhara or Indo-Greek School of Sculpture and admired the Unesco edition of the fresco paintings in the caves of Ajanta and Ellora. India's favourite ornamental plant, the bougainvillea (the purple), in front of me was about to break. I saw another beautiful species later on in the Taj Mahal gardens in full flower. All too soon the time of farewell approached, but the smile of my hostess and the folded hands of the greeting friends will always live in my memory.

On Monday, February 8, I arrived by air in Hyderabad, Deccan. Hyderabad, the sixth biggest Indian city, was the creation of Kuli Kutb Shah, a king of Golconda in the sixteenth century. It is famous for its palace of Nizam and a triumphal arch with four minarets: the Charminar, a large mosque and the new Osmania University (founded in 1918) in Indo-Saracene style, thus reflecting the mixture of Hindu and Moslem influences in the city. Its traffic looks chaotic with its hurrying cycles, rickshaws and bicycle-rickshaws, buffaloes, old and modern cars and beggars. At the entrance of the mosque I saw an old begging woman in a filthy corner of the street wall. She had injured her shoulder blade and chose to live like a dog in that hole, as it was not far from the hospital where she evidently received treatment from time to time. Human life, as well as time, seems to have less significance here.

Golconda, a few miles from Hyderabad, was once a proud fortress on a granite hill, the Shepherd's Hill (*Golla* = shepherd, *Konda* = hill). It now lies in ruins. After a treacherous betrayal it was conquered by the ferocious Mughal Aurangzeb in 1678. Three furlongs from the old fort lie the royal tombs, with their beautiful domes on square towers, the burial places of Kutb Shahi rulers. When with Professor Dr. Rodi, my friend and colleague, I climbed the heights of Golconda, we were pursued by a cheerful host of begging girls and boys. A few coins thrown over the granite slope into the valley sent the wild crowd after them, and we two were able to enjoy the unique sight of the setting sun over the horizon. We then hurried down into the fortress to see the old fortifications, the mighty gates with their bosses and iron points as a protection against the battering elephants of a besieging army, the underground drains and baths, which were prepared for the dead kings and their (male) relatives. The region of Golconda was also important because of its diamond mines and diamond trade. The Koh-i-Noor or "Mountain Light" which is said to weigh 360 carats—1 carat equals $3\frac{1}{2}$ grains; the weight of pure gold being 24 c.—was a highly treasured diamond in Golconda which after several adventurous journeys now adorns the British crown. In 1852 it was given to Queen

Victoria by Dilip Singh, the son of the Maharaja Ranjit Singh. The City of Hyderabad takes pride in possessing "the best one-man collection in the East", the Salar Jung Museum, called after its founder in 1850. But there is, in its 77 rooms and verandas, also much "junk" among the many treasures which comprise pictures, textiles, sculptures, old arms, and clocks, china, manuscripts, originals and copies, genuine and spurious art hanging or standing side by side. The trees in the garden of the Museum were heavily loaded with the baglike "hanging dogs", huge bats which were a sombre sight in their motionless blackness.

A walk in the evening through the street of the crowded Bazaar of Hyderabad led us into a fairylike world of glittering pearl necklaces and bracelets and slippers, glass drops, saris and perfumes. It is difficult to imagine how all these shopkeepers live in their primitive abodes, apparently without sanitary provisions and with little comfort. The wages and salaries are fantastically low. My colleague's "well-paid" cook receives about 75 rupees, that is £6 a month. When I gave him a five rupee note he saluted and grinned broadly. My hotel room cost 35 rupees per day (there are much more expensive ones in American style!), about half the monthly wages of the cook. On our journey through Deccan I noticed many a young woman doing heavy road repairs and carrying bricks which masses of donkeys had brought to a dumping ground. Each of the girls had eleven bricks on a little cushion above her head and carried them gracefully to the building place. The women balancing on their head the beautifully shaped bronze bowls and pots of water or food on their way to the sugar, rice and mustard fields are an unforgettable sight in the relentless heat which dries the soil out already in February. Other girls and women have to see to another equally urgent task: they collect the droppings of the buffaloes and other cattle; and skilfully flatten the dung into disc-shaped "cakes" and dry these on the hot slopes of the hills or on their mud-houses. Then they collect them as the only fuel in their clay-huts. Not all the people have such a hard fight with nature. The contrasts are violent indeed. In Hyderabad I visited a family whose father was a high official in the service of the Nizam, once ruler of Hyderabad. They live in a patriarchal compound, a *hortus conclusus*, with separate houses for the grand-parents, the parents-in-law and the parents, whose children played cricket on the lawn. Nearby a buffalo grazed in the garden of mango and cocoa-nut trees. The grand-parents were playing chess. Our friends spoke English well.

The Republic of India with its staggeringly increasing population of about 360 millions needs a *lingua franca*. The necessity of having such a language impressed itself upon me as I travelled through the regions of Deccan. As Ajanta and Ellora, witnesses of a golden age of Indian art, were unfortunately beyond our reach, we decided to visit the Hindu temple Sri Yadgiri, a popular place of pilgrimage, and further on the "thousand pillared temple" in the Hindu fort city Hanamkonda near Warangal, a centre of the carpet industry, about a hundred miles from Hyderabad. We had difficulty in making ourselves understood by the indigenous population whose main language was Telugu. It was mainly the students, teachers or

old officials who had a knowledge of English. It is our *and* India's fortune that the Prime Minister Shri Jawaharlal Nehru himself was educated in Harrow and Cambridge and that he considers (in his *Autobiography*) English to be "the most widely spread and important world-language." As for a *lingua franca*, "Basic English" according to him, is more useful than Standard English. He who had fought British Imperialism owes too much to England and Europe's culture to be an enemy of the Western culture and language.

In Delhi I had the privilege of being received in private audience by Prime Minister Nehru on February 18. Talking about Bristol I learned that the Prime Minister's own daughter spent a year or so in our town some time ago. When with reference to Western culture I reminded him of his remark (in his *Autobiography*) about Delhi and Rome, his endearingly gentle voice broke into an eager question as to what he had written about those two world cities. I here quote from the book the relevant passage: "Just as Italy gave the gift of culture to Western Europe, India did so to Eastern Asia, though China was as old and venerable as India . . ." I told the Prime Minister of my journey through the landscape of Deccan and of my impressions of the fate of the hard-working peasants who are foremost in his political deliberations, as is proved by his *Autobiography*. Besides English, it is encouraging to know that the study of French, German, Russian, etc., is recommended by India's illustrious Prime Minister in the universities.

My private interview with the Vice-President of India, Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, on the preceding day also started with questions about Bristol, as the Vice-President had shortly before the war delivered a public lecture to our university. He was at that time Professor of Eastern Religions and Ethics at Oxford (1936-52). Several of his books, such as *Religion and Society* and *Eastern Religions and Western Thought*, have been translated into German and are much admired in the Western world. They are rooted in a great man's vision, who realizes that our worlds have become *one* world. Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan's interpretation of the four aims of life: Moksha = the development of the individuality, Kama = emotional life, Artha = material welfare, Dharma = ethical law, can be applied to ours, too.

Through the very kind hospitality of the General Director of Archaeology, Dr. Chhabra, I was able to see some of Delhi's most glorious monuments privately, above all, the Red Fort, built by the Mughal Emperor Shah Jehan in the seventeenth century A.D., with its halls of audiences, private and public, the dazzlingly rich and precious peacock throne, the marble fountains and exquisitely patterned screens. Then there is the thirteenth century tower of victory Qutab Minar, which is 238 feet high, in red stone, magnificently silhouetted against the azure sky. I naturally did not fail to visit the Taj Mahal in Agra, about 120 miles from Delhi. My companions in the car, which started from Janpath Hotel, were a honeymooning couple, a medical doctor from Montevideo and his Spanish wife. We talked Italian, as they did not speak English and my Spanish was equally hopeless. On the journey we encountered travellers on camels and

many two-wheeled, one-horse vehicles (there do not seem to be any four-wheelers). While we were waiting at a railway crossing two men brought their baskets with snakes. The one mechanically wound a snake (as huge as a boa-constrictor) round his neck, the other poked into his basket in order to make his snakes raise their crowned heads as he woefully blew his pipe. The miserable spectacle was soon over. The main purpose was to get the *bakschisch* from the inmates of waiting cars. On the barren trees opposite the railway lines several vultures sat motionless in the unbearable midday heat—the whole landscape looked a picture of desolation. As soon as the train had passed we hastened on to Taj Mahal, the Crown Palace, the “dream in marble”, erected at the order of Shah Jehan in memory of his beloved wife in the seventeenth century. Its pure whiteness and the Persian flower ornaments inlaid with agate, lapis lazuli and other stones will remain in my memory, particularly as I unexpectedly saw it a second time at sunset on my return by air from Kathmandu to Delhi.

AUGUST CLOSS

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MICHELANGELO AND VITTORIA COLONNA

IT is not known where in Rome they first met, but we do know that it was in 1538. Vittoria was in her 48th year and Michelangelo in his 64th. Who was Vittoria Colonna in whom the great, perhaps the greatest, artist found his ideal of womanhood? Born in 1490 in the Castle of Marino, on the Lake of Albano, she was the only daughter (five sons succeeded her) of one of the members of the powerful and noble family of Colonna, a family whose name ranked high in the art and history of Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

At the early age of four her marriage to the son of another famous family was arranged by the King of Naples. Francesco d'Avalos, who later became the Marquis of Pescaro, was but her own age at the time of the betrothal, and both children were brought up together. Vittoria, as the years passed, grew to be a tall, commanding figure, and her golden hair was likened, by artists, to the sun. So great was the reputation of her uncommon colouring, combined with physical beauty and wisdom, that she received many offers of marriage. But it was Francesco, her betrothed, to whom she was faithful, and, receiving the favour of Pope Julius II, they were married in solemn state. Her husband, choosing the career of a soldier, then considered the noblest, was away at the wars for long periods, and during his absence Vittoria wrote sonnets and other poems regretting her loneliness. Her name as a poet spread throughout Italy, and maybe reached the attention of Michelangelo. So Vittoria became the centre of a famous coterie of distinguished men and women which the art-loving Pope Leo X, the successor to Julius II, drew around him. But her triumph was cut short by the death of her husband, the Marquis, at the age of 35, on the

battlefield of Pavia. Vittoria, grief-stricken, entered a convent, and to mitigate her sorrow, composed in his memory sonnet after sonnet, although biographers say that the Marquis was unworthy of her faithfulness. For several years she secluded herself. When at last she emerged she found that her poems had been widely read, gaining her an even greater reputation. All the illustrious homes that flourished in that flowering period of the Renaissance welcomed her.

Michelangelo at the time of Vittoria's return to the world was painting, after many years of delay, his famous frescoes of the Last Judgment for the Sistine Chapel in Rome—paintings that even today draw countless admirers and which the artist completed in four years, in 1541. Perhaps their first meeting happened during a visit to watch Michelangelo at this work. Vittoria was still tall and commanding, even austere, to judge by her later portrait painted by Michelangelo. Could it have been these physical traits, the type of physique the artist most admired, as much as her poetical gifts which attracted him? Certainly physical beauty was not the only quality for which Michelangelo looked. Especially must there be the signs of energy, and a strong character. All these he recognized in Vittoria. Until he met her that day in 1538 he considered his art to be his wife, his works his children. Lonely, morose and melancholy, Michelangelo was disappointed in his fulfilment as a sculptor. Not least among his shattered dreams was the colossal and magnificent tomb of Julius II standing incomplete, of which only the powerful figure of Moses exists today in the Church of S. Pietro in Vincola, in Rome. Moreover, Pope Leo X was showing preference for the more gentle work of Raphael. Then unexpectedly Vittoria came into Michelangelo's life. The meeting blossomed into a new and absorbing joy for the artist. Just as Michelangelo threw himself with tremendous energy into his art, so this newly-found friendship inspired him with fresh vigour. He returned to writing forcible poetry, composing sonnets and madrigals addressed to her who now stood for him above everyone, above the Pope, the Cardinals and other Church dignitaries.

Centuries later Sir Joshua Reynolds, speaking of Michelangelo, said: "to kiss the hem of his garment . . . would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man." Vittoria needed no such ambition. On the contrary, she remonstrated with him, fearing his work would suffer from the vehemence of his devotion. Her calming influence acted like oil on tempestuous waves. It is not difficult to judge from his self-portrait the strength of character, the dominant personality and intellect which it expresses. Do not the figures he painted, the forms he sculptured, reflect his own physical and spiritual power? Meanwhile all the poems Vittoria now wrote she sent to him, and many of these he had bound in a small volume. Although brought up an ardent Catholic, she and her family joined "the reforming sect within the Church", as a result of which the Pope ordered the Colonnas to be attacked by his army and their possessions seized. In disgrace with the papal See as her family was, Michelangelo still remained her devoted friend. It was especially at this time, after Vittoria had left Rome to enter a convent, that she wrote asking him

not to send her so many letters which disturbed her in her prayers, and must distract him from his work. Did she realize the extent of his genius? Their friendship lasted for nine years when it was cruelly broken by Vittoria's death. His stormy, tortured, restless soul had found peace in her religious outlook for, as Adrian Stokes says, "she gave him a quality of contentment."*

Even after her death her spiritual influence still guided him. He felt it as he worked at his sculpture:

When my rude hammer to the stubborn stone
Gives human shape now that, now this, at will,
Following his hand who yields and guides it still,
It moves upon another's feet alone,

Now, for that every stroke excels the more
The higher at the forge it doth ascend,
Her soul that fashioned mine hath sought the skies,
Wherefore unfinished I must meet my end,
If God, the great Artificer, denies
That aid which was unique on earth before.

To her he even credits "a complete change in his moral nature, luring him from previous emotions of which he now repents" and, curiously:

A man within, a woman, nay, a God
Speaks through her spoken word.

In his recent life of Michelangelo, Adrian Stokes treats with understanding and delicacy this friendship between Vittoria and the great artist. An inspiration and solace in the evening of his life, today she lives for us in some of his work. When we stand in front of Michelangelo's unfinished picture *The Descent from the Cross* at the National Gallery in London, we see in the strength and beauty of the female figure his ideal of womanhood, the ideal he found in Vittoria Colonna.

THEODORA ROSCOE

* *Michelangelo. A Study in the Nature of Art*, by Adrian Stokes.

THE ENIGMA OF HENRY ADAMS

THE great-grandson of the second president of the United States and the grandson of our sixth president (John and John Quincy, respectively), Henry Adams, was an enigma to his contemporaries and hardly less so to us today. For he was an intellectual non-conformist in much the same way that his older contemporary Søren Kierkegaard was a spiritual non-conformist. Adams, a product by reaction of the New England Unitarianism of his era, rebelled against it precisely as Kierkegaard rebelled against the Danish Lutheranism of his own background and upbringing. And in the rebellion of each man appear depths of unresolved conflicts which lend themselves to a variety of interpretations. In the same way that Kierkegaard warned against the Hegelian *System* which seemed

to him to be taking over Christianity so did Henry Adams express a growing distrust of and disgust with the mystery and contradiction of the substitutes for religion and philosophy offered him. Thus in his *Education*, that classic of modern literature, he writes regarding the concept of unbroken evolution as a "safe, conservative, practical, thoroughly Common-Law deity" which he saw accepted as the very best surrogate for religion: "The Church was gone, and Duty was dim, but Will should take its place." And with the satire of which he was a master he expressed—long before his later orientation towards the basic truths of Christianity—a biting indictment of the idea that Nature's trend is "upwards"—the "upwards" interpreted to accord with any and all desires. To Adams the eminent respectability accorded the identification of evolution and moral progress was as insane as the idea itself. The whole age was crazy, he said in effect, and often; for he was one of the most articulate men of his time, which stretched from 1838 to 1918.

His age returned the compliment. In an entry in John Bigelow's unpublished diary for February 16, 1899, an account is given of a chat in Washington with Henry Adams. Mr. Bigelow called him "an inspired prophet or crazy." For he had said that "Russia and Germany must be regarded as one in casting the horoscope of the future, that all the Latin States, France included, are going out with the tide . . . England, too, he says, will be living on her accumulated fat in ten years . . . Adams thinks apparently, in fact he said, that the time approached when the world [will] belong to Russia and the United States." Another prophecy made by Adams was that the vast force of inertia known as China would be united to Russia and the irresistible single mass would crush whatever had the misfortune to stand in its way. Indeed what the American historian saw all about him called forth an urgency of concern and appeal about civilization's future which stands on a par with Kierkegaard's own deep wish to rouse his fellows from the complacency he saw as the sleep of death.

Adams was a man of extraordinary perceptivity. As his history students at Harvard well knew he owned a virile and robust mind which forever looked for reasons and causes beyond superficial facts. One of his students, in a detailed description of Adams, notes the extent and constancy of his intellectual curiosity. His method of attack on any problem was direct, not subtle; and his mental keenness remained to the end of his long life. But all his pessimisms—and they were real indeed as he faced his era and what he foresaw for future eras—were not to prevent him from a vision of another kind of force from that of materialistic science and its threat to brute control. Even without the testimonies of those closest to Adams in his last years regarding his "rare knowledge and understanding of the ancient faith" of Christianity his now famous "Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres" (written as a kind of last testimony at the turn of the century, and found in a little wallet of private papers after his death) remains the incontrovertible witness of a wish to return to the faith of his fathers. This Prayer, painfully misread as it has been by many modern interpreters, is actually as clear and direct a statement of Christian belief as any in the

history of literature. And the only possibility of mistaking the Adams intention here is by excerpting portions and reading them out of context.

This posthumously printed poem of 40 stanzas is a powerful indictment, among other things, of the disorderly—even chaotic—confusion of ideas in modern man with its result of trust in the dynamo as a symbol of ultimate no less than material force. The introduction to the dynamo prayer, which the author called (in one of those innocent-seeming mordant adjectives he liked to use) "a curious prayer", is made in the first 14 stanzas. Here Adams has identified himself with the fervent Christians of the thirteenth century, and the worshippers at the cathedral of Chartres (which he describes so eloquently in his study of medievalism, *Mont St. Michel and Chartres*, written at about the same time as the Prayer):

When Blanche set up your gorgeous Rose of France
I stood among the servants of the Queen;
And when Saint Louis made his penitence,
I followed barefoot where the King had been.

The Prayer itself is made throughout, as the title says, to the Virgin of Chartres; and immediately preceding the interpolated prayer to the dynamo Adams explains it to his "dear Lady" as "the last/Of the strange prayers Humanity has wailed." It is the last because man in his power-worship has invoked his own destroyer; and having seized the atom has himself been ground to nothing—or rather the dynamo has done the grinding for—and of—man "the dead Atom King" ("Seize, then, the Atom! rack his joints! / Tear out of him his secret spring! / Grind him to nothing! . . ."). And atom "blood" anoints both.

Not only had Adams identified himself (in those first stanzas of the Prayer which lead up to and include the famous lines to the dynamo) with Christians of the times of good St. Louis but also with the whole line leading down seven centuries, to the present. The line includes the rebels and the iconoclasts who end by betrayal of the deposit of faith. The Unitarian-born American speaks with anything but pride of his emigrating ancestors:

Crossing the hostile sea, our greedy band
Saw rising hills and forests in the blue;
Our Father's kingdom in the Promised Land!
We seized it and dethroned the Father too.

And now we are the Father, with our brood,
Ruling the Infinite, not Three but One;
We made our world and saw that it was good;
Ourselves we worship, and we have no Son.

Yet we have Gods, for even our strong nerve
Falters before the Energy we own.
Which shall be master? Which of us shall serve?
Which wears the fetters? Which shall bear the crown?

The 16 stanzas which follow the ten-stanza interpolated prayer to the dynamo include some of the most glorious lines of apotheosis of the Virgin Mother ever penned. The entire Prayer is concerned with the Christian faith and with the Mother of Christ as integral to it:

But when we must, we pray, as in the past
Before the Cross on which your Son was nailed . . .

And Adams wrote that

. . . years, or ages, or eternity
 Will find me still in thought before your throne,
 Pondering the mystery of Maternity,
 Soul within Soul-Mother and Child in One.

"The Virgin," Mabel LaFarge said of her uncle Henry Adams in a letter to the *Commonweal*, May 19, 1933, "went down to the very roots of his being, and seemed to him the embodiment of all forces, uniting Eastern ideals of mercy to the supreme Christian ideal of the Incarnation." The high-ranking Catholic friends of Adams in his last days in Washington saw him as a spiritual child of the Church. Yet, as Mrs. LaFarge stated, "the outward physical surrender, so difficult for the Puritan, the last bending of the knee did not come; but the bending of the heart and the proud mind in that inner life, so misunderstood by reviewers, was there before the Virgin at the Cross."

Adams's death at 80 came in much the same way as Plato's also at that age. After a day with friends and an evening of music he went to his room and was found next morning in his bed, asleep forever. His body lay in his house at Washington through the last days of Holy Week, 1918; and on Holy Saturday he was buried beside his wife in Rock Creek Cemetery, the grave unmarked except by the great St. Gaudens statue. This famed statue, again according to his niece, Mrs. LaFarge, had come to represent to Adams not only Kwannon, the Compassionate Virgin of the East (whom he had in mind when St. Gaudens was given the commission for the statue) but also the Divine Mother of the West. When Sir Cecil Spring-Rice wrote his two sonnets entitled "The St. Gaudens Monument in Rock Creek Cemetery" (printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1917), he called it "a temple and a shrine". The second sonnet refers to the

tranquil eyes that look so calmly down
 Upon a world of passion and of lies,

and the peace that passes "our fitful fires, that burn and cease." And both statue and prayer stand in keeping with America's Christian beginnings; for the idea of a Christian prophetic vision and mission somehow actuated this brilliant descendant of Presidents, Henry Adams, just as it did Jefferson and Congress when they framed our Declaration.

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ISRAEL'S SHARE OF JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM since 1948 has been a tale of two cities, one Jewish, one Arab, ruthlessly separated from each other. The United Nations Special Commission on Palestine, which in 1947 proposed the partitioning of Western Palestine into two States, stipulated that Jerusalem should be a unity, a *corpus separatum*, administered as an international trusteeship and serving both States. By the hardness of fate Jerusalem has been two

corpora separata, divided by barbed wire and an occasional iron curtain. On the southern border of Israel's Jerusalem there is characteristically a village which is so divided, though its inhabitants on both sides of the line are almost exclusively Arab. It keeps its Arabic name, Beit Safafa. A police post, manned by an Iraqi Jew whose native tongue is Arabic, is the visible sign of Israeli rule; and there are few other marks of changed conditions since the British Mandate. The school for Arab boys, which was then established, is still the principal building of the village, and is situated right on the border; the boys in the playground may talk with the Arab boys on the other side of the wire in the Jordan section of the village. But they may not cross the line. Could perversity go further?

The neighbouring suburbs, which before 1948 were occupied largely by prosperous Arabs, government officials and consuls, have now a derelict appearance, and are occupied by Jewish oriental immigrants. They, and new quarters that have been constructed during the last decade, are all called Katamon, A, B, C, D, taking their name from a Greek Orthodox monastery picturesquely set on an eminence. Together they are a masterpiece of higgledy-piggledy and lack of plan. The Judaean hills around Jerusalem which in spite of, or perhaps because of, their stark bareness were formerly an appropriate landscape, have been defaced during recent years in two opposite ways. The hillside is cut away for quarries; and the quarried limestone is crushed to cement for the erection of monstrous apartment-houses of four and more storeys. A number of watertanks cumber the flat roofs, one for each apartment; and lines of washing add to the unsightliness. No regard has been paid by the builders to the natural contours, and no attempt has been made by tree-planting to relieve the affront to nature. The planning authorities and the municipal architect of Jerusalem seem equally powerless to control the development.

An old rule of the Mandatory Government of Palestine, that all new buildings on a principal road in Jerusalem must be in stone, is a dead letter. It is only in the pre-war suburbs nearer the Old City, the former colony of the German Templars which dates back 90 years, and the Greek Colony, originally the quarter of Christian Arabs, that you find stone-built houses set in gardens. They, too, are inhabited now largely by members of the oriental Jewish communities from the Arab lands, Persia and North Africa. The new citizens have not yet learned the civic graces, and most of the houses have a shabby look. A swimming pool, which in the summer is used for mixed bathing, and last year was a reservoir of bitter feeling leading to violence between the Jews upholding the old tradition and the modernist upholders of individual liberty, has been constructed. But the former sports club, which in the days of the Mandate was the meeting place of the British officials and Palestinian "notables"—to use the old lingo—has the general derelict look. A club still exists, but the football ground is overgrown, and most of the tennis courts have gone to ruin.

The new Jerusalem presses more and more to the west and south-west, where only it has room to expand, as the Corridor, which runs through the hills of Judaea to the lowlands and the coast, gradually widens. Out of the unplanned wilderness of unsightly suburban quarters, you suddenly have the apparition of a landscape which has design and form and beauty. The

area has the Hebrew name Givat Ram, the lofty hill, and it has become during the last five years the civic and academic centre of Jewish Jerusalem. Here are the new buildings of the Hebrew University on one side of the ridge, and the Government offices on the other side. The university quarter comprises already 40 separate units, faculty buildings, institutes of Jewish and Oriental studies and archaeology, laboratories of the biological sciences, physics and chemistry, a towering administration building, the University and National Library of equal height and greater dimensions, which has place immediately for one and a half million books, students' residential hostels and refectories, and finally a synagogue, the most controversial for its architecture, which is a glaring white mushroom-like dome. For entertainment and sport there is a stadium enclosing a large field, and an open air theatre which is admirably designed for concerts and ballet and folk-dancing. All the buildings are modern and functional, but being the work of different architects they each have their own style. The Government offices, on the other hand, are architecturally dull. In the fashion of the time they are concrete boxes holding so many rooms. But the parliament house for the Knesset, of which the foundations were laid last year, will be more challenging. The late Baron James de Rothschild gave a generous bequest for that house, and the architect has the opportunity to design something worthy of the site and the purpose. What marks the new academic centre, and underlines the contrast with the surrounding waste, is the skilful planning of the landscape. Contours of the hills have been used for the building and not abused. The halls and laboratories rise on three parallel levels; and they are linked with broad tree-lined avenues and greensward. The stony slopes of a few years ago are already turned into flowering borders and rock gardens, and two pools with antique mosaic floors break the monotony of the paved plateau. Soon a national park will be laid out from the university buildings down the valley which leads to the historic Byzantine Monastery of the Cross, now set in olive groves.

Some four miles from the main university buildings, further to the southwest, and on another and higher hilltop, which was five years ago similarly a bare stony waste, another complex of academic buildings is rising rapidly. The hill lies above the romantic and picturesque village of Ein Karem, which is a Christian holy site, the reputed birth-place of John the Baptist. Monks and nuns of many churches lived there in monasteries and convents of the Italian or Russian style, and cultivated the stubborn soil in terraces fruitful with olives, figs and vines. The hillside and the hilltop have been chosen for the university hospital, medical, dental, pharmacy and nursing schools. The summit of the hill has been levelled, as Mount Moriah was levelled when Solomon built the First Temple of the Children of Israel. A vast hospital with 500 beds, and the schools with equally generous proportions have been designed by an American architect, so that they may appear to rise out of the hill itself. At present from a distance they have the appearance of a menacing fortress, but the plantation of a belt of trees may soften the effect. The view from the hill commands on the west the Judaean highlands stretching away to the coastal plain, and on the east the

Mount of Olives, the Arab Holy City, and the ridge of Scopus, where the original buildings of the Hebrew University are situated in the midst of the Arab region. The buildings have been empty since 1948 save for a small body of caretakers and Jewish police who guard the demilitarized Israel enclave surrounded by Arab territory. The faith of Israel is strong that they will be restored to their academic purpose for the benefit of Jews and Arabs together. When that day comes we may hope that the two cities of Jerusalem will again be united, to realize afresh the Psalmist's description: "Built all compact together, beautiful in elevation, and the joy of the whole earth."

NORMAN BENTWICH

GERMANS AND BRITISH

"It is not the historian's task to treat a misunderstood past with reverence, but to explore it mercilessly."

—Professor Walter Goetz in 1924.

ADMIRAL G. A. von Mueller's war diaries, 1914-1918, published under the title *Regierte der Kaiser?*, underline most instructively what we already know about the Kaiser and the late German Empire. The story of German hubris and nemesis, as told by Admiral Mueller, who was Chief of Wilhelm II's Naval Cabinet, begins with the Kaiser's bitter remark, in the early days of August, 1914, that the war was Great Britain's thanks for Waterloo. Two years later, when told of the deciphering of the language of the Hittites, he remarked: "If the nations had occupied themselves more with the Hittites, the war would never have started. France and Great Britain would have recognized in time that the danger always comes from the East, and they would not have allied themselves with Russia." He was very pleased with General Kluck's advance through France, and his Court preacher Goens assured him in a sermon that Germany was fighting for Protestantism and that the Germans were God's chosen people. Moltke, however, reminded him very modestly: "We have driven back the French, we have not defeated them yet." When the German offensive got stuck after a few weeks, the Kaiser consoled himself with Hindenburg's victory in the East while saying of the British: "These chaps will bend their knees before us!" Admiral Tirpitz told him: "This war was caused by the British desire to overpower the strongest competitor in Europe." The German industrialists agreed with him. He was all for unrestricted U-boat warfare in spite of the threatening American protests, and German professors and General Falkenhayn and Admiral Holtzendorff encouraged him in this respect. When Count Bernstorff, the German ambassador in Washington, warned him of the consequences, he scribbled on the margin: "I could not care less." Bethmann-Hollweg, however, prophesied that Germany could be brought to her knees by a war of attrition.

Bethmann had already in 1915 spoken of "the growing longing for peace

prevailing both in the masses and the army". Great Britain, he said, would never agree to a peace as long as Belgium was occupied by German soldiers. The Kaiser, however, who was much impressed by the richness and the ancient civilization of Flanders, said to von Valentini, Chief of his Civil Cabinet: "I shall never give up this country. I take an oath upon this!" Valentini agreed and so did the General Staff, who was also for an annexation of the coal basin of Briey and for more annexations in the East. Admiral Mueller, a sober and responsible man, was disgusted by this "utter want of moderation in the East and the West." When Chancellor Michaelis, Bethmann's nationalistic successor, joined the extremists, Mueller asked: "How does this conform with the peace resolution of the Reichstag?" For that resolution had spoken of a peace without annexations and reparations. Hindenburg and Ludendorff were for the annexation of Latvia and Estonia, and the Kaiser declared: "Where our bayonets stand, all this we shall not give up under any circumstances." Austria, where Bethmann had already in 1916 found desperate hopelessness, became more and more war-weary. Count Czernin, in April, 1917, warned the German generals in vain: "If the war does not end within three months, the nations will end it without their Governments." When Bethmann, to placate the restless German masses, suggested the long overdue reform of the Prussian Three Class Franchise, the commanding generals were horrified about such a liberalistic outrage. Colonel General von Plessen said: "*Gegen Demokraten helfen nur Soldaten.*"

The Kaiser said in March, 1918, if a British officer should turn up one day and ask for an armistice he would first have to kneel down before the Imperial standard, and this would signify the victory of the monarchy over democracy. When Kuehlmann, in June, 1918, declared in the Reichstag that the war could not be won "by military decisions alone", the leaders of the reactionary parties, Count Westarp and Gustav Stresemann, condemned Kuehlmann's speech, and Hindenburg and Ludendorff forced him to resign. But only six weeks later Hindenburg had to admit "a total defeat" and the Kaiser declared on September 2, 1918: "The war is lost." This, however, did not prevent him from speaking, a week later, of the irreconcilable enmity of the Anglo-Saxon and the German *weltanschauung*.

Admiral Mueller had already spoken in 1916 of "Caesarian madness and souls of slaves." He also quotes Bethmann as saying in 1917 that the Kaiser had thoroughly ruined the German nation for the last 20 years and turned the Germans into haughty chauvinists. The "recklessness and megalomania" of which Admiral Mueller speaks on September 29, 1918, continued tenfold, as we all know, with Hitler and his generals. Professor Walter Hagemann, in *Das Wagnis des Friedens*, reminded the Germans in forceful words of their past. The educated Germans, he said, did not follow the humanism of Goethe and Humboldt. Nietzsche influenced them more than Kant's "categorical imperative". As to the nations in Eastern Europe, "the tradition of the Poles and Czechs is coloured by their age-long fight against German predominance" during which they had to look up to "their Western masters with feelings of hatred or submissive-

ness." The Kaiser and the pan-German nationalists never had "any restraint and modesty, which they called unworthy of a powerful nation." They dreamed of subjugating Great Britain and the Kaiser regarded himself as "the Admiral of the Atlantic Ocean". In 1914 the Germans violated Belgian neutrality, and when in 1918 they were defeated, they coined the slogan: "Undefeated in the field", despised their republican régime, outlawed "the men of 1918 as Novemberlinge and traitors"; the fruit of their labours was "very soon reaped by those who hailed Hitler", who first made "an old Field-Marshal their President and later the unknown corporal their Fuehrer . . . A majority of Germans" approved of the "totalitarian régime" and the slogan: "You are nothing, the nation is everything." Although war had been outlawed by the Briand-Kellogg pact in 1929, Hitler started the second war in 1939, and attacked Russia in 1941. He planned "nothing less" than "the national annihilation" of the Czechs and Poles, and if he had won the war, "Czechs and Poles would have been completely exterminated." But his crimes fell back on the heads of the Germans who "were taught a lesson which has few parallels in history." But Hitler's madness still lives on, "the myth of the Fuehrer lies deep in the blood of the German nation" even today "unpolitical, not at home in the real world", and inclined "uncritically to accept political facts". They submit to authoritarian thinking in "the glittering economic miracle" and are afraid to utter an independent opinion because it could make them unpopular. Voltaire's famous words are still unknown in Germany: "Sir, I do not agree with what you say, but I shall fight with all my strength for your right to utter your opinion freely."

Professor Hagemann warns the Germans that the Western Allies will not start a war for Germany to regain the lost provinces behind the Oder and Neisse, but the leaders of the German expellees go on repeating the slogan of "an unalienable right to a fatherland" after Hitler has denied that right to millions of "*Untermenschen*", and behave "as if no Third Reich had ever existed". Hagemann fears that that sort of behaviour might lead to another "nationalistic explosion". Russia, he says, "will never accept a strong Germany, directed against her, in the midst of Europe after she has been brought to the brink of destruction twice in one generation" by the Germans. She had been willing to accept a reunited Germany in 1952 at the price of Germany being "neutralized". But the Government of Bonn had preferred to play power politics, had concluded an alliance with the West and forced rearmanent upon the Germans although most of them, in 1945, abhorred "the restoration of a military instrument which had become the terror of Europe in German hands." Western Germany's politicians indulge again in Hitler's anti-Bolshevism "which, being still alive in many German hearts, has become virulent again in an unparalleled resurrection." But all this, argues this sober and conservative man, is doomed to failure because Russia today is a world power. "We cannot undo what we have done." Germany must pay "an adequate price for the gigantic guilt which Hitler's barbaric régime has brought on Germany's head." In other words: "It must give up the illusion that there exists no other German State, and try to come to

an agreement with it on the basis of a confederation of the two States, and so overcome the disastrous national division."

This, indeed, is the inescapable choice: either a unified but demilitarized and neutralized Germany or a Germany divided for ever, two-thirds of her belonging to the Western and one-third to the Eastern block. But the Germans do not listen to reason, and they never have since the days of Bismarck. They think, they always thought, that they can eat their cake and have it. As to this country, however, Professor Hans-Oskar Wilde, in his *England—Land der Mitte*, is full of praise of its modern history. He quotes Dean Inge, who once said: "The Englishman, like a sailor on shore, preserves his equilibrium by rolling heavily from side to side, still keeping somewhere near the middle of the road." Professor Wilde follows Great Britain's "middle way" through the last three centuries and says that even English Socialism "is different from both German and French Socialism" because it always shows "strong tendencies of liberalism and nonconformism." Thus the British succeeded in the middle of our century in peacefully bringing about "one of the greatest social revolutions which in its depth, efficiency and character can only be compared with the glorious English revolution of 1688." Why? "The English idea of liberty always remained concrete and embedded in English life and tradition." The English "can laugh at themselves and at their history," theirs is "a patience of listening and waiting, goodness, humaneness and modesty."

J. LESSER

A CHRISTIAN VIEW OF WORLD BROTHERHOOD

IN view of the present disunity in international relations, and even within communities and families, can we see any prospect of the emergence of a real brotherhood of man throughout the world? Our present discords are numerous and obvious, and yet all nations agree that peace at home and abroad is an ideal worth realizing. Perhaps the finger of God is at work. His influence in all processes of creative evolution, from the immature to the mature, from the imperfect towards the perfect, is two-fold. It is both centrifugal and centripetal. It encourages the development of natural qualities to the utmost extent; and from this (centrifugal) point of view diversity is the objective—the emergence of the greatest diversity of heavenly bodies, and again of living genera and species, of which the primeval atoms and cells are capable. But diversity is not allowed to get out of hand. The centripetal influence of the creative Spirit also works to maintain balanced relationships throughout nature and thus to preserve an orderliness which reflects the unity of the plan of creation.

So has it been with man. The centrifugal influence of the Spirit allowed primitive man the freedom to develop his newly acquired gift of personality against the wide variety of environments—of climate and soil, diet and occupation, family and community and enemies—which our globe provides.

The result has revealed itself in the diversities of colour, custom and creed in the world today. And yet this freedom is not absolute, for the centripetal action of the Spirit is also at work, introducing an ideal of unity into the diverse elements which constitute mankind.

Freedom of speech and of worship, freedom from want and from fear: these are the freedoms to which progressive races aspire; but there is a fifth and more elementary freedom not yet attained by many backward races, and that is freedom from ignorance. A distinguished American once remarked: "It is not ignorance that spoils things, but knowing things that ain't so." It is not the ignorance of innocence but the superstition which sets up to be knowledge that spoils God's plan. Freedom from ignorance is therefore one of the fundamental human rights, and it is up to the inheritors of the knowledge of the good life to spread it to those who have it not.

The Christian is trying to put across knowledge of the self and its needs of body and mind (the tilling of the soil) in preparation for the knowledge of God's love as revealed in Jesus Christ (the sowing of the seed), by which the deepest needs of the soul may be felt and met. The ascendancy of the West over the non-Christian East is still based on the sequence knowledge—responsibility—privilege, rather than on that of knowledge—responsibility—service. The West has still much to learn, and many of the lessons derive from its relations with Asia and Africa. The opposition between East and West is surely one of those dichotomies which have evolved so naturally and universally that they must be elements in God's plan of creation, like male and female, old and young, or like the haves and the have-nots in so many spheres of life—in wealth, education, leadership and so on. These are gaps which must be bridged if the divine ideal of brotherhood is to enrich and ennable all human relationships. The objective of God's plan is surely that East and West should jointly make their several contributions—out of their very diverse characters and experience—to the pool of humanity's wellbeing; and that from this relationship should spring mutual respect, either party growing to realize its dependence on the other, under God, for much that makes life worth living.

The enquiry into the prospects for world brotherhood thus falls into two parts. There is to be a preparation of the soil (the hearts of mankind) and there is to be a sowing of the seed of Christianity. Both involve the imparting of knowledge: (a) knowledge of the self, body and mind, and particularly of human needs, bodily and mental, and how they may be met from the world's moral and material resources—this is the secular (social, economic and scientific) side of the enquiry—and (b) knowledge of the source from which alone all man's spiritual needs can be finally and confidently met—the religious side. Both preparation of soil and sowing of seed should proceed together, for there are many kinds of seed, worldly as well as heavenly, and it is all too easy for minds that are ready for the sowing to welcome the tares and choking thistles.

During this twentieth century there are signs that the preparation of the soil proceeds. First the League of Nations and now the United Nations Organization represent attempts to preserve peace by gradually building up

an unwritten code of international behaviour acceptable to all members. The objective is clear, that by entering a common forum for the discussion of common objectives and the means of attaining them, those States which have already learned the rudiments of the science of healthy living and the arts of co-existence may put their knowledge, and the means whereby it may be acquired, into a pool from which other States are at liberty to draw; rather than that the knowledge should be monopolized, a close preserve from which to play power-politics. For knowledge is power; to surrender the one is to surrender the other. To surrender power into inexpert hands is to run the risks of misapplied power. But power must usually be misapplied before it can be applied wisely, with experience. Knowledge can be pooled, but not experience, for experience can only be gained the hard way, by trial and error and re-trial—in other words by experiments leading to experiences; and from experiences in the plural emerges experience in the singular; and with experience comes wisdom.

To sum up, the greatest hope for UNO is that in the fullness of time it should enlarge its vision, and its objectives, from the maintenance of peace, through the recognition of universal standards of international morality, to the ever widening diffusion of that knowledge and enjoyment of man's physical and mental powers and of earth's resources which are man's birthright. Indeed some of UNO's many subordinate organizations contribute to this very purpose.

But that is only half the story. What of the sowing of the seed? Surely here the same line of thought is relevant. It is fairly obvious that Christian principles of uprightness, mercy and truth are spreading throughout the world more rapidly than the Christian religion. But these principles must be recognized as superhuman, divine, if they are to be universally accepted in their competition with personal and national interests and with racial idiosyncrasies. Otherwise they continue to be human, the products of human thought, the servants of human self-interest, and therefore liable to evolution and change as human ambitions develop. Only a common awareness of their source in the Godhead can assure their permanence. How is this awareness to be broadcast to mankind in a way which will carry conviction?

Clearly this is the responsibility of the Christian Church acting through its missionaries in non-Christian fields. And it would seem that the same general principles which govern the activities of UNO are relevant to those of the Christian Church. It is true that we have not yet a single Church of Christ but a number of member-Churches; and most of these are pursuing their missionary activities on exactly the same lines as the old colonizing States of the past—trying to establish new Churchlets on their own democratic or authoritarian lines. But these efforts are bound to fail in the end, simply because human nature is too strong to endure for long the bed of Procrustes. It will out, in its own way, in development of its racial individualities, as we can see quite clearly in the new features of the United Church of South India.

To imagine that the present forms of democratic government, based upon party strife and often identifying a party with a section of the

community, are to continue as the *beau ideal* of future governments is as ridiculous as to imagine that the future form of government will be communist, with its secret police and its travesties of justice.

To imagine that the present forms of Christian Church worship are the last word for future generations is equally ridiculous. Every Church should express its own racial character in the forms which it adopts for its worship of the Godhead. We are not nearly ready yet for a single world Church. What contributions Asiatic and African Churches could make if they were so filled with the Spirit of Christ that they developed their own distinct and individualistic forms of worship!

The Christian Churches have much to learn from their contacts with both Asia and Africa. Admittedly the visions of God which have come to both these continents are many and varied, but even (with some Eastern religions) the denial of a personal God carries with it the acknowledgment of a Power which transcends human powers. And that Power is always, to Eastern minds, a Power to be feared. But the Christian view is that God is no distinguisher of persons; he loves his creatures non-partially, sends his rain upon good and evil alike. And the danger is that, in this view, the love of God may exceed the fear of God in the minds of Christian worshippers. That, then, is the chief lesson which the Christian West may learn from the non-Christian East. And the second lesson from the East flows from the first. It is often said that the East stands confused and shocked at the internal differences which are so marked a feature of Western Christianity. But this is not so. Non-Christians of the East who have knowledge of the West see in the differences of the Christian Churches the racial characteristics which dictate their respective denominations, just as their own diverse religions—Islam, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Taoism, the Jewish, Confucian, Zoroastrian, etc.—meet the diverse needs of their own racial communities. The differences are symptomatic of the richness, not the poverty, of human intuition. Where they lead to interdenominational strife they reflect errors in the hearts of worshippers—overvaluations of form over Spirit.

With Church as with State humanity has not yet attained its full manhood. It is the national governments with their selfishnesses and arrogances which keep humanity divided. We need somehow to revert from the man-organized concept of "nation" to the God-created reality of "race". So also with the various Churches. Somehow we must learn to put first things first: the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; and Jesus Christ as the God-man revelation of the Love of God, the true Image of God in whose likeness man was originally created and in whom man can be recreated, soul by soul, until there emerges the majestic figure of humanity as God planned it to be, with man's co-operation and to the fullness of the stature of Jesus Christ.

Thus the key to the emergence of a brotherhood of man is supplied by the word federation. It is only when national sovereignties voluntarily coalesce in political federation that a world State can appear. Only when Church sovereignties are recognized and respected throughout a Christian humanity can those sovereignties coalesce to form by federation a world

Church. Only by brotherly federation can the uniqueness of the individual be maintained unimpaired through family, community and race to uphold the spiritual unity of a world brotherhood.

HARRY A. F. LINDSAY

SCHOOLS IN LITERATURE

PROBABLY the most infamous school in fiction is Charles Dickens' Dotheboys Hall, run by Mr. Wackford Squeers, where youths were "boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in the languages, living and dead . . . and every other branch of classical literature" all for 20 guineas a year. *Nicholas Nickleby* was attacking the notorious Yorkshire schools which, although designating themselves academies, were mostly run by ignorant men who had found a way of making easy money. The more advantages they promised in their advertisements the worse they usually were in reality. They were comparatively cheap and taught their pupils little, but at the same time there existed expensive schools, run by highly educated men, which were also a menace to nineteenth century youth. Dickens portrayed such a "crammer" in *Dombey & Son*. At six years old, frail little Paul Dombey was sent as a weekly boarder to Dr. Blimber's school. The novelist states: "Whenever a young gentleman was taken in hand by Doctor Blimber, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. The Doctor only undertook the charge of ten young gentlemen, but he had always ready a supply of learning for a hundred on the lowest estimate; and it was at once the business and delight of his life to gorge the unhappy ten with it. In fact, Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hot-house in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work." The same novel portrays another type of "crammer", that of a charity school attended by "Rob the Grinder", whose mother had been nurse to Paul Dombey.

Two contrasting schools are given in *David Copperfield*. The first is Salem House where Mr. Creakle, a hop-dealer turned schoolmaster, terrifies the boys and drives his hard-working, under-paid ushers almost to distraction. The other is Dr. Strong's school at Canterbury, where David's great Aunt Betsy sends him to "be thoroughly well taught and well treated", and this portrait of a good one recalls that there were many such establishments in various parts of the land. Often writing on social themes, Dickens presents a different type of school with a far different class of pupil in *Our Mutual Friend*. "The school at which young Charley Hexam had first learned from a book—the streets being, for pupils of his degree, the great Preparatory Establishment in which very much that is never unlearned is learned without and before book—was a miserable loft in an unsavoury yard. Its atmosphere was oppressive and disagreeable;

it was crowded, noisy and confusing; half the pupils dropped asleep, or fell into a state of waking stupefaction; the other half kept them in either condition by maintaining a monotonous droning noise, as if they were performing, out of time and tune, on a ruder sort of bagpipe. The teachers, animated solely by good intentions, had no idea of execution, and a lamentable jumble was the upshot of their kind endeavours." Charley, however, won the attention of Bradley Headstone and was transferred from the "school" for all ages to the teacher's own establishment which, according to Dickens, consisted of two neatly built schools "and there were so many like them all over the country, that one might have thought the whole were but one restless edifice with the locomotive gift of Aladdin's palace."

Of all the schools portrayed by Dickens each represents a type of establishment offering education of one sort or another in the nineteenth century. He does not touch on any of the more famous public schools. Other novelists have provided pictures of them. Disraeli mentions one such school in *Coningsby* and Thomas Hughes supplies an account of life at Rugby in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. In *The Way of All Flesh* Samuel Butler provides a rather bitter description of "Dr. Skinner's" school "Roughborough" where his hero discovers that his fears of being unduly bullied are unfounded. *Lorna Doone* provides a fleeting glimpse of a famous old school where the hero, John Ridd, is a day boy. Blackmore describes this as "the largest in the West of England, founded and handsomely endowed in the year 1604 by Master Peter Blundell, clothier." An account of a schoolboy's fight is given in this early chapter. Nor was fighting confined to West Country schools, Thackeray gives an account of one at "Dr. Swishtail's" school in *Vanity Fair*. In the opening chapter of this novel, Thackeray provides a revealing portrait of an expensive young ladies academy in the early nineteenth century. Its principal, Miss Pinkerton, is described as "that majestic lady, the Semiramis of Hammersmith, the friend of Dr. Johnson, the correspondent of Mrs. Chapone herself." He informs his readers that "only when her pupils quitted the establishment, or when they were about to be married, and once, when poor Miss Birch had died of scarlet fever, was Miss Pinkerton known to write personally to the parents of her pupils." In her letter to Mrs. Sedley, she recommends Amelia's personal qualities and gives some idea of the subjects taught in such schools: "In music, in dancing, in orthograph, in every variety of embroidery and needlework, she will be found to have realized her friends' fondest wishes. In geography there is much to be desired, and a careful and undeviating use of the backboard, for four hours daily during the next three years is recommended as necessary to the acquirement of that dignified, deportment and carriage so requisite for every young lady of fashion." A very different establishment, run for the daughters of poor clergymen, is portrayed as Lowood School, in Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*. Such schools were usually founded by benevolent people, but the methods employed in carrying out their intentions were not always praiseworthy. Strict attention to economy often resulted in miserliness and misery to the pupils as Charlotte Brontë revealed

from her own experience.

Other benevolent men, wishing to extend education to the less fortunate started night schools for adults. Many of these were run by Quakers, but others were a sideline of local schoolmasters. In *Adam Bede*, George Eliot portrays one such school, run for a small weekly fee by lame Bartle Massey. She states: "Adam felt a momentary stirring of the old fellow-feeling as he looked at the rough men painfully holding pen or pencil with their cramped hands, or humbly labouring through their reading lesson." The pupils were few in number and sought learning for different reasons. One had a cousin and a work-mate who could read and was fired with a desire to emulate them; another had lately become a Methodist and wanted to be able to read the Bible for himself, while a third, a dyer by trade, wanted to be able to read and write so that he could do his work more efficiently. Their master did not mind their motives so long as they were willing to learn, but he had no patience with two youths who made little attempt to study. "You think knowledge is got cheap. You'll come and pay Bartle Massey sixpence a week, and he'll make you clever at figures without you taking any trouble. But knowledge is not to be got with paying sixpence, let me tell you; I'll send no man away because he's stupid. But I'll not throw away good knowledge on people who think they can get it by the sixpenn'orth, and carry it away as they would an ounce of snuff." Hugh Walpole in *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill*, James Hilton in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, and many other novelists have supplied convincing pictures of different types of schools which all help to build up a portrait of social life and education.

MARION TROUGHTON

SONG OF A BUILDING-MAN

I am the hand that lays the bricks,
I am the sleek and muscled back,
I am the body of the man,
and I am black.

I am the voice that sails the sea,
as free as trees where green winds blow,
I sing off-key to far-away
from long-ago.

And as I sing, my long arms swing
as they have swung since time began;
blood and the sun have run for me,
I am the man.

VALERIE MINOGUE

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

GERMAN CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY

Apart from experts in German history few people seem to have an adequate knowledge of the rôle played by parliamentary institutions in the territories of the old German Empire which came to an end through Napoleon. Actually the subject has been rather neglected by the historians in recent times and even when the Estates were mentioned their importance was usually not sufficiently recognized. It is therefore to be welcomed that Professor Carsten has published a very scholarly and illuminating study of the Estates in a number of German principalities. He calls them parliaments since they had the same functions as the institutions usually called by this name. In many territories and at certain times the Diets of the Estates had very substantial rights, equal or superior to those of the English Parliament. On the other hand, most of them could not retain this power for good. The peak was reached between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the power of most of these Diets declined owing to the rise of monarchical absolutism. In some German countries it became merely nominal while in others it was more or less maintained.

Professor Carsten is right to emphasize the fact that the Estates regarded themselves as representatives of the country and often defended its interests. On the other hand, the nobles of the Estates laid particular stress upon maintaining and expanding their feudal rights over the peasants while the towns mainly wished to prevent the rural population from competing with their burghers in industrial products, etc. The weakness of the Estates was that they were divided into several colleges, often hostile to one another, which enabled the princes to make use of this antagonism for their own purposes. Most of the principalities, moreover, did not possess one Diet but several between which there was no solidarity at all. This too favoured the cause of the princes.

In Wurttemberg the Estates had developed almost to the state of a real parliament as Fox has pointed out. Since the nobles had made themselves independent, the Diet consisted merely of the elected deputies of the middle class and a few prelates of the same origin. Dr. W. Grube has written a history of the Diet of Wurttemberg which covers five hundred years. It is a record of valiant struggles by representatives of the people against the attempts of many princes to establish their despotism. The democratic tradition was up to our times more deeply rooted in Wurttemberg than in any other part of Germany. There were also a few other territories where the peasants were represented in the Diets, for example in the Tyrol, Vorarlberg, East Freesia, and in others. Everybody interested in Germany's development ought to study also the records of the principal Diets where the freedom of the people usually found staunch defenders.

FREDERICK HERTZ

Princes and Parliaments in Germany from the Fifteenth to the Eighteenth Century.

By F. L. Carsten. Oxford University Press. 50s.

GERMANY LOOKS AT BRITAIN

This scholarly and most sympathetic study is by the Professor of English at the Hanover Technische Hochschule. The distinguished author is deeply familiar with the British way of life and exceptionally qualified to interpret the social and intellectual changes in England during the last few centuries. The author rightly traces the concept of the "*vía media Anglia*" back to Richard Hooker (1600). England is not only the country of radical social changes but one of the main representatives of Western civilization, the way between socialism and capitalism and between freedom and necessity. Professor H. O. Wilde's book is built upon three sections: the seventeenth century with its religious and civil wars, the bourgeois society of the eighteenth century and the Victorian era, and finally the situation at

present. Already in the seventeenth century the English were directed to re-examination and re-interpretation; tolerance and compromise and re-generation were demanded. Apart from Hooker, R. Baxter, Francis Bacon, James Harrington, Edward Earl of Clarendon, William Temple and Wilhelm von Oranien are cited, and John Locke whose *Letter concerning Toleration* (1689) is aptly given a special place in the author's arguments. The poetry of Donne, Herbert and Vaughan also reflects the seventeenth century tendency which seems to penetrate the very grammar of, for example, John Donne's balance between passive and active voices, a subtle point which the author lucidly illustrates.

The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries witnessed England's rise to world power. Also here the *via media* and the balance between self and common interests were formative forces. The doctrine was at the same time an expression of opposition against the dangers and exaggerated claims of progress. We are accustomed to interpret the Victorian era as secure and proudly individualistic, but the author, by references to Tennyson, George Eliot, Thackeray, proves the opposite to be true. The third section of the book deals with England's power of adaptation and regeneration in our present century. At the close of the 1939-1945 war the Empire was transformed into a Common Wealth of Nations. Now mankind's mortal danger lies in the predominance of technological achievements over man, but where, as in England, the reason of a common law (not a Utopian dream) is the guiding factor, a reconciliation of human freedom and public planning is possible.

The English language itself is a manifestation of the *via media Anglia*, for example, its vocabulary, the balance between the conversational and the literary expressions, the use of the indicative and of the subjunctive forms and other most characteristic tendencies in the future development of English, generously enumerated by Professor Wilde. The book, upon which the author can be sincerely congratulated, reveals his unique power of combining the various methods of approach—social, artistic, philosophical—in a unified scholarly vision. The Appendix has valuable bibliographical details, references and additions.

A. CLOSS

England—Weg der Mitte. By Hans-Oscar Wilde. Deutsche Verlagsanstalt, Stuttgart. DM.24.80.

ARE PRESSURE GROUPS USEFUL?

They are of many shades and hues. Some prefer to call them 'interest' or 'attitude' groups or simply 'lobbies'. The present work by Mr. Harry Eckstein is perhaps the most detailed study to date, placed in the framework of an original general theory of pressure group politics. Most of the book is devoted to an analysis of the political activities of the British Medical Association. Two chapters deal with the factors determining the choice of channels through which pressure groups act, and the reasons why they are involved in politics at all. Most importantly, the author believes that they are indispensable in an effective democracy. He argues that those who abominate these groups as influences which distort democratic processes do so in the belief that they lead to the satisfaction of particular interests which are detrimental to general interests—that it shifts the arena of decision from the public limelight to the backstairs, where collusion and manipulation become possible because normal democratic controls do not operate. Yet, as he points out, pressure does not have to be equivalent to blackmail. For reasonable men, the presentation of a reasonable case is a form of pressure too.

In Britain, Mr. Eckstein writes, "We can see . . . clearly the effect of informal governmental power relations on the organization and tactics of pressure groups. As long as Parliament held the centre of the political stage—as long . . . as political conflicts centred on parliamentary policies—interest groups tended not only to act chiefly through 'interested' M.P.s but to be ephemeral, one-purpose organizations, chiefly concerned with raising a large volume of public support for important legislative changes. Nowadays, however, they possess much greater continuity

De Gaulle's Republic

PHILIP WILLIAMS AND MARTIN HARRISON

An account of political events in France from the Liberation to the present day, and an examination of the workings and probable consequences of President de Gaulle's regime.

The authors give a survey of the early achievements as well as the tribulations of the Fourth Republic, followed by the first detailed account in English of the plots and counter-plots behind the insurrection, and of the desperate race against the clock to forestall civil war by bringing General de Gaulle back from the wilderness. They describe the consolidation of the new regime and the perplexing character and methods of de Gaulle. Finally they speculate on the possible futures for France after she has lost the General.

25s.

On Alien Rule and Self-Government

JOHN PLAMENATZ

National independence, political democracy, and individual freedom are the three ideals most widely and passionately held in the modern world. Yet the achievement or maintenance of one often foils the achievement of the others. The revolt of Asia and Africa against Western domination is made in the name of ideals of Western origin. For those who accept them, these ideals provide a criterion by which to distinguish between 'backward' and 'advanced' peoples.

Mr. Plamenatz assumes the desirability of these goals. He examines their interrelationship and the difficulties which arise in their pursuit. He pleads no special case in the controversy over 'imperialism' and 'colonialism' but calls only for clear thinking.

21s.

Longmans

and engage in a much wider variety of political activities, for their interests are being constantly affected by governmental actions. The public campaign has been replaced largely by informal and unostentatious contacts between officials, and interest groups themselves have become increasingly bureaucratised (in short more and more like the government departments with which they deal) for only bureaucratic structure is appropriate to the kinds of negotiations groups nowadays must carry on to realise their interests."

There is a two-fold relation between the channels of pressure group activity on the one hand, according to Mr. Eckstein, and structure of government, pattern of policy and attitudes on the other; structure, policy and attitudes decide the channels, and the nature of these channels in turn affects pressure group organization and tactics. The case of the British Medical Association is, of course, a very good example. Its relations today with the Ministry of Health are extremely close. It is perfectly geared to negotiate with the Ministry, which, in turn, prefers to deal with one central authority representing doctors. Like many similar organizations, the B.M.A. has had to adapt its role. Founded as a purely scientific association, it has become in addition the doctors' press relations office, trade union and general pressure group: a pre-requisite, or penalty (whichever way we look at it) of the Welfare State. Because of the dominance of pressure groups this very able book deserves the closest study.

WILFRED ALTMAN

Pressure Group Politics. By Harry Eckstein. George Allen & Unwin. 16s.

MACKENZIE AND LIVINGSTONE

The 1861 Zambesi Expedition arose from the British belief that only Christianity and Commerce could remove slavery from Africa—a gospel held both by Livingstone and the navy, which, from 20 years' bitter experience of trying to quell the rising tide of slaves smuggled from Zanzibar and Mozambique to America and the Turkish Empire, perceived that this trade could only be stopped at the source by providing an alternative outlook and occupation for Africans. When, therefore, Livingstone sailed as official leader of an exploratory expedition to prospect the Upper Zambesi for European settlement, a small Central African Mission went with him, led by Bishop Mackenzie a humble-souled man, who combined the brilliance of a Cambridge mathematician with simple faith. Unfortunately, Livingstone's inaccurate visions of Africa produced practical difficulties from the start both in settling and provisioning the Mission. His river steamer *Pioneer* carried too deep a draught, stuck continually, and many essential supplies were lost.

Material hardships could be, and were, overcome; real tragedy came to the Mission when Livingstone forcibly freed 84 slaves *en route* from Portuguese territory and later led a foray against Ajawa slavers. Mackenzie, though dubious about Christian use of force accepted Livingstone's leadership and with it, his own responsibility for later action against the Ajawa, which Livingstone from a distance curiously condemned. Mackenzie faced, unbriefed, the essential religious and political problem of what to do to protect his flock from murder and slavery; of whether an unofficial person should contravene local laws. Venn, Secretary to the Church Missionary Society, wrote that missionary activities could not avoid political consequence in heathen countries where "native government is mixed up with national superstition and institutions which violate all justice and humanity." Yet neither Venn's views nor Livingstone's acts prevented Mackenzie's condemnation by Church Congress. Livingstone was the Mission's evil genius in other ways: his refusal to leave the *Pioneer* left it isolated and unprovisioned; his failure to meet Mackenzie with the Bishop's sister was partly responsible for his death. The Makololo, whom Livingstone left with the Mission as a punishment, embarrassed it by pretending to free slaves and forcing local villages to feed them. He became distinctly unfriendly to the Mission on hearing criticism of himself, and dismissed its troubles by saying that "better men would be sent from England".

Small wonder that one member wrote despairingly that Livingstone's "accursed lies have caused much trouble, toil, anxiety and loss of life", for they found his faith no substitute for practical support. Even Bishop Tozer, sent out to wind up the Mission, blamed Livingstone when, following his inaccurate advice, he found himself marooned on a Portuguese mountain, drowned in mist, far from its promised fruitfulness and set in an area depopulated by Portuguese slavers.

Mackenzie's grave, beneath African jungle, was the real grave of the expedition; a tragedy of good intentions bogged by ignorance. Though this book does little to increase Livingstone's stature, it is not the conflict of his character with the tidy prudent Tozer, or the saintlike Mackenzie, sailing up the river with crozier and reluctant rifle; it is the total remoteness of the mid-Victorian outlook that strikes one: the narrow and passionately held beliefs about Christianity and Africa which seem so much further than a brief century away.

M. MORTIMER

Mackenzie's Grave. By Owen Chadwick. Hodder and Stoughton 25s.

THE RIDDLE OF COLUMBUS

Those who come to this work fresh from Dr. de Madariaga's massive and documented investigation will be struck at once by the new rational approach to the "Lord High Admiral of the Ocean Sea," to his achievements—and abysmal failures. It is a life-size study of one cast much more in the mould of Bacon, as among the "wisest and meanest of mankind." Jean Merrien concedes to Columbus greatness and genius, attributing the latter mainly to his invincible obstinacy and pertinacity in pursuing his *idée fixe* in face of dire poverty and every discouragement, disappointment and contumely. He resolutely refused to give up one jot of his claims, even after his "final" dismissal by Ferdinand and Isabella at the gates of Granada, at that Santa Fé where the site of their tent (I tracked it down not long ago) and the fateful interview may still be identified and the historic scene imaginatively evoked. He was "an amazing sailor" whose voyages in the small and crazy caravels of those times, to England and farther north, and most likely to the "farthest west" years before the Palos argosy was thought of, were carried out with consummate skill and well-nigh faultless navigation. But the author demolishes with relentless logic the claims advanced by many historians, Spanish and others, that Columbus was a saint, a mystic. Carefully building up from the contemporary records, which are copious and detailed, a thesis that Columbus, while almost certainly of noble descent although whether actually of Genoese origin is not proven, gained his knowledge of the sea and mastery of seamanship from earlier voyagings north, south and west, and from dubious activities as a Mediterranean corsair, the author exposes him as a ruthless egocentric consumed with pride and self-righteousness, cruel, avaricious, and jealous of any manifestation of excellence in his companions. He discusses the "liquidation" of the "Anonymous Pilot" from whose lips in Madeira Columbus first learned navigational details of the actual ocean route to "*los Indios*" or "*Cipangu*" (Japan?), and of his noble partner in the later heroic enterprise, Martin Pinzon of Mogier, but for whose priceless services in securing the crews—after the "Lord High Admiral's" own humiliating failure—Columbus could never have brought his dream to fulfilment.

The translation of a new biography by a French maritime authority, author of many books of naval interest, is such that no barrier impinges between author and reader. Merrien confronts his tantalizing subject with astringent Gallic wit and logic, reinforced by exhaustive research and profound knowledge, and with a piercing honesty all the more convincing because of his obvious sympathy and avowed hero worship. This indeed is a very good book and must prove enthralling for all who would learn more from authentic contemporary sources of the enigma of Columbus, and the truth, as distinct from the pious legend, about his epochal discovery—not of the Americas, for he never set foot on the mainland and mistook what is now the Venezuelan coast and the mouth of the Orinoco for another

island, but of the Bahamas and the jewelled islands of the now defunct Caribs.

S. F. A. COLES

Christopher Columbus: The Mariner and The Man. By Jean Merrien. Translated from the French by Maurice Michael. Odhams Press. 25s

A MISCELLANY

Crusoe's Captain (Odhams Press. 21s. 0d.). Bryan Little's biography of Woodes Rogers, the West Country merchant adventurer, includes the account of the rescue of castaway Alexander Selkirk from a Pacific island. A few years later an enterprising journalist named Defoe turned the story into a novel. Woodes Rogers was an enlightened sea captain, a foe to pirates, a Governor of the Bahamas, and a picturesque representative of eighteenth century trading romance. *Berlin Airlift* (Cassell. 21s. 0d.). Robert Rodrigo surveys the feats of organization that defeated the Russian blockade of the western sectors of Berlin, and the experiences of the people who helped either with individual brainwaves or magnificent teamwork.

The Soviet Deportation of Nationalities (Macmillan. 30s. 0d.). R. Conquest presents the documentation of the fate of seven minority nations of the U.S.S.R. They were deported from their native countries during the war and five of them were rehabilitated in 1957. The author, a poet, is a Research Fellow in Soviet Affairs whose "curiosity is stimulated by political unknowns".

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939: Volume VIII Second Series (H.M.S.O. 80s. 0d.) and Volume IX First Series (H.M.S.O. 70s. 0d.). The editors Rohan Butler and J. P. T. Bury, assisted in Volume VIII by M. E. Lambert, press on with their vast project. The first book covers "Chinese Questions" from 1929 to 1931, and the second "German Affairs" in 1920.

A History of Militarism (Hollis and Carter. 42s. 0d.). Alfred Vagts examines its idea and nature from the feudal warrior to the mass army, tests its links with politics, and discusses the post-1918 militarization of society. Published on the eve of the 1939-1945 war, it is now revised to include all the later beastliness.

Who's Who and What's What in Publishing (Elliott Right Way Books. 7s. 6d.). Andrew George Elliott discourses on rejection slips, royalties, editions, outright sale, on costs, counting words, illustrations, manuscripts, on proofs, construction and style, and on many other matters important to the intending author. Also included are announcements from publishers who disclose the sort of work they require.

The Stages of Economic Growth (Cambridge University Press. 21s. 0d.). W. W. Rostow, Professor of Economic History at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, distinguishes five basic phases, from traditional society to the age of high mass-consumption. He has an important chapter on Russian and American parallels and differences, and another on the problem of peace. He subtitles his book "A Non-Communist Manifesto".

A Regional History of the Railways of Great Britain: Vol. I The West Country (Phoenix House. 30s. 0d.). David St. John Thomas who is one of the editors of the series (C. R. Clinker being the other) has made a tale of "one of the glories of nineteenth century energy" to delight the heart of any schoolboy and his father. From Wessex to Cornwall remoteness departed as hills and valleys, marsh and moor, rock and ravine were subdued by daring civil engineers. And the quality of the pictures and maps reflects the skill and enthusiasm of the author.

The List of Adrian Messenger (Herbert Jenkins. 13s. 6d.). Philip Macdonald has set the deductive talents of his Anthony Gethryn a hard task, and the half-hints he gives his readers do not help. In spite of excess of italics and overloading adjectives, it was hard to wait patiently for the motive of the mass-murderer. G.B.

While Carl Bode was Cultural Attaché at the American Embassy his inward eye soared eagle-keen beyond the trees of Grosvenor Square. The result, crowning his collection of poems *THE MAN BEHIND YOU* (*Heinemann*. 15s.), is "London Sonnets". To one who read a few of these in manuscript and steered them through publication in *The Contemporary*, the study of all 25 of them increases sixfold the original impact. It is plain that, while some of the poet's other subjects lend themselves successfully to longer treatment, his heart and intellect are in the business of conveying sense and sensitivity through the disciplines imposed by 14 lines. Yet his poetry however cerebral an activity gratifyingly conveys to his audience emotional enjoyment as well.

These qualities are present in *THE GUINNESS BOOK OF POETRY* (*Putnam*. 10s. 6d.); here compassion—for the death of a poet or a grandmother, for sea-urchins and deafness, for Hadrian at Olympia "where all once again is level with the grass", for Ireland from Coventry, for the Casa Rezzonico empty of Browning—has a dominantly fresh and welcome sound in modern verse. The Auden-MacNeice-Sitwell contingent is here; so is a host of established practitioners and bright apprentices, not in rivalry for (as Lord Moyne says in the Foreword) most poets "compete only against themselves". Such an anthology as this weeds and waters, shines and beckons, quenches the thirst of poetry seekers and gives bread for stones.

Good bread is Robert Graves' translation of Homer's *Iliad* in *THE ANGER OF ACHILLES* (*Cassell*. 30s.). This prose version, scattered with folksong when the drama boils over, removes indeed "the class-room curse" from the history. It is also another remarkable example of the poet's unique blend of satire and pity, infinite versatility, and deeply classical scholarship.

The sage of Vallombrosa who died eight months ago, rises out of his legend in the pages of Sylvia Sprigge's biography *BERENSON* (*George Allen and Unwin*. 35s.). The person behind the

expert is her quest as she traces the steps of the baby Bernard of 1865 in Lithuania to Boston ten years later, to Harvard, to Paris, to a home in Italy, and all the way from appreciation to connoisseurship. This last achievement is considered in an instructive chapter on the "rewards and taint" of authenticating pictures. The book's many illustrations include some of his enchanted Florentine hillside.

The sage of Ayot St. Lawrence, temporarily eclipsed, is seen from "a new angle" by Henry George Farmer in *BERNARD SHAW'S SISTER AND HER FRIENDS* (*Barmerley Book Sales*, for Brill of Leiden. 39s. 6d.). Lucy Carr Shaw's career as actress and concert artiste was brought to close by tuberculosis. With the assistance of her generous letter-writing Dr. Farmer rescues her life and character from belittlement and the "comic exaggeration" of G.B.S. She died in 1920, loving her brother still.

Another defence, accomplished with wit and taste, is Oliver Warner's of a misunderstood husband, in *EMMA HAMILTON AND SIR WILLIAM* (*Chatto and Windus*. 25s.). Looking again at his accepted portrait, here is one who could inspire his first wife to write on her deathbed: "My only attachment to this world has been my love to you, and you are my only regret in leaving it". Here too is a surely engaging creature, who was astute politically, possessed antiquarian knowledge with flair and pertinacity, and was lucky enough to be able to slake his passion for volcanoes and record the protracted "spectacular fireworks" of Vesuvius during his Ambassadorship at Naples. As for the scintillating Emma: "it is also just that posterity should know the damage she did" concludes her biographer.

With the death of Isobel Osbourne Field in 1953 went the voice of the *LAST WITNESS FOR ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON* (*University of Oklahoma Press*. \$5.00). Elsie Noble Caldwell listened to it saying: "Louis was the finest man I ever knew" and undertook to present her friend's account of his marriage to Fanny Osbourne, his family life in Hawaii and Samoa, his

cast of mind and habits of work. He emerges satisfactorily as neither devil nor saint, for in everyday behaviour his stepdaughter saw him as "a normal man of highest integrity and exceptional talents". And to this day his Vailima home is little changed.

Dire exile is commemorated in *THE JEWISH IMMIGRANT IN ENGLAND 1870-1914* (*George Allen and Unwin. 30s.*). Lloyd P. Gartner puts the flow of people into historical perspective, the statistics of the sociologists and the economists against the emotional upheaval of man or community, and indicates the old separateness of Ashkenazim and Sephardim. He shows how the background and the English foreground combined to affect trades and unions, culture and education, and has drawn a rounded picture of an ancient heritage in new surroundings.

THE JEWS IN OUR TIME (*Pelican Books. 3s. 6d.*) is Norman Bentwich's survey of the development of their relationship with each other and the world, in the light of the creation of the State of Israel. He paints in the history, charts the geographic and economic distribution, and his examination of the Jewish intellectual, religious and artistic contribution quickens Gentile gratitude for enrichment.

The tenets of East and West find a meeting point in *CHRISTIAN YOGA* (*Burns and Oates. 21s.*). J. M. Déchanet, a Benedictine monk, expounds a method of promoting bodily and spiritual balance. Peace of the senses, breath control, silent meditation, are some of the victories whereby redemption of the body and love in the heart may be attained. The diagrams of postures and techniques of concentration are practical in their lucidity, and the author's step-by-step account of his mastery of the system is persuasive.

The religious-philosophical aspect of *THE MYTHS OF PLATO* (*Centaur Press. 63s.*) is emphasized in G. R. Levy's new Introduction to J. A. Stewart's massive work. By tracing parallels with Eastern scriptures and by adding translations Miss Levy has brought the profundity of the Platonic dialogues within the reach of moderns. The book may have

been long out of print; its statements concerning man and the universe could never be out of date.

Still crossing the bridge between Europe and Asia we come to *ORIENTAL ESSAYS* (*George Allen and Unwin. 28s.*). A. J. Arberry exhibits the portraits of seven scholars, the last being his own which he calls "The Disciple", and the others are the pioneer, the founder, the lexicographer, the linguist, the Persian, and the dervish. They are Professor Arberry's personal heroes, and he looks forward to a distant era when studies such as theirs will be the normal exchange of undergraduates, so that Damascus will be as familiar as Darlington.

What undergraduates are now reading, in their spare time at any rate, may be judged from *LIGHT BLUE DARK BLUE* (*Macdonald. 15s.*), an anthology of Oxford and Cambridge writing edited by John Fuller and Julian Mitchell of the first, and by William Donaldson and Robin McLaren of the second. The trend is serious, as is to be expected following National Service and grant-aiding, but may be defended from the accusation of solemnity. Essays and poems try to be constructive, and they avoid the facetiousness that is too often the mode in university debate. The subjects range from the Korean generation to Ernest Hemingway, from foreign cities to a Labour peer, from poetic revolution to supermarket culture.

From which plastic paradise it is salutary to turn to *THE HENRY WILLIAMSON ANIMAL SAGA* (*Macdonald. 21s.*) which happily includes *Tarka the Otter*, *Salar the Salmon*, *The Epic of Brock the Badger*, and *Chakchek the Peregrine*. These filled the first half of Mr. Williamson's life and the imagination of the reading public of a generation ago. The excitement is recaptured now as he introduces each book with a "special piece" to lead us into "the author's realm of river, sea, earth, and air". The country lies between the Bristol Channel and the Dartmoor rivers, and the unity of spirit belonged to the young man who saw himself as part of the wild recording what his senses perceived. He writes from Devon still.

GRACE BANYARD

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